Magister-Auctor Saga

The rebuilding of the world

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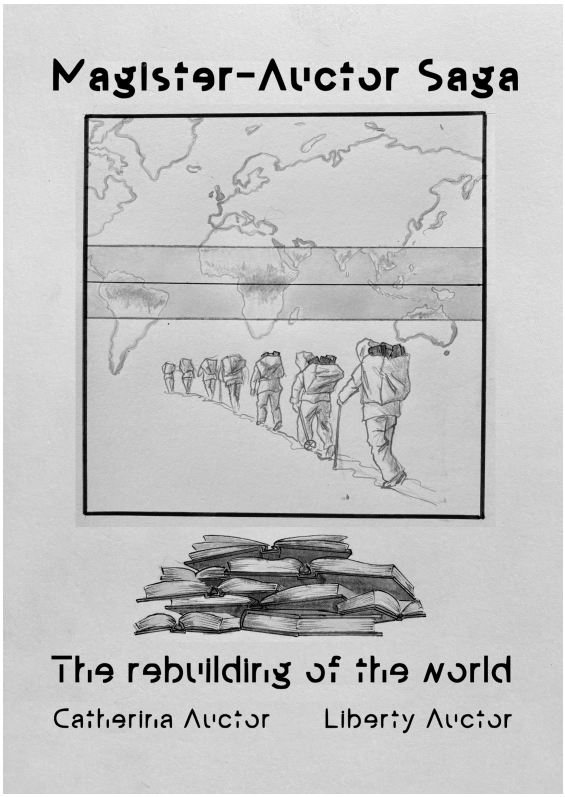
For the final two books of the Magister-Auctor saga, we frequently relay on conversations recorded by Catherine and Liberty Auctor with their grandparents, Lev Auctor and Sara Lector and their parents, Alberto Auctor and Maria Liber. These conversations offer a personal account of some of the events that occurred during the rebuilding of the human world on Earth after the Volcanic Winter.

At the time of the recording of the conversations, Lev was 80, Sara 78, Alberto 54, and Maria 52 years old.
The conversations were recorded in 122.07 just after Liberty and Wolfgang's trip to vist the Mars community.



For Manuel, Sebastian
in Olivia

In the context of the Magister-Auctor Saga, my sister and I agreed to discuss the period between the return of many Equivafolks from Bibliopolis to the Moon and the death of Emmy Lehrman, Grandfather Lev's mother.
Grandfather's mother, together with Sang N'Kondo Ngô, played a leading role in formulating the nine principles of the *Convivialis Civitas* network, which today groups the communities of the habitable part of the Earth.

We initially considered using the recordings as a base to write this book in the third person. But they were often so vivid that we ultimately decided to lightly edit the conversations with Grandpa Lev, Grandma Sara, and our parents, Alberto and Maria, and thus present them primarily in the first person.

The addendum was written by my sister Liberty.
She assumed that this short note about Emmy Lehrman would well conclude this book.

Enjoy reading.

Catharine Auctor, Bibliopolis 122.15

Moon troubles

“Tell us about your time on the moon. All in all, you spent almost six years there.”
With those words, we wanted Grandpa Lev to narrate. Grandpa is a good storyteller. Our dad may have inherited that from him, even though he always says he can’t tell stories.
But Grandpa doesn’t show that kind of ‘false modesty’.
With a small digital recorder in our midst, we were sitting in the garden belonging to the small house he had moved into with Grandma Sara after my father and aunt left the house. Grandpa started telling.

“Of course, I was furious with my grandmother, as you know. She’d finally convinced my parents that we had to flee to the moon because we weren’t sure what would happen to Earth. I called that her Megalissipo-syndrome. After all, she often told stories about how she’d convinced almost forty years ago her parents to flee the city. Of course, in that case, and in retrospect, she was right. Even her father realised quite quickly that he had to follow them as he did not leave the Poleis at the same time.
Yet I accused her of suffering from a fear of staying and called it the Megalissipo-Syndrome. She and Great-Aunt Joana sometimes told about Megapple and other cities that haven’t been inhabited for over 50 years. My Great-Aunt claimed that my grandmother used to run away quite often in earlier times too.
As I told you, I left for the moon as an angry teenager. I was indignant because I had to leave my best friends Simba and Amadu behind on Earth. My small consolation was that Faisal’s parents had decided to fly to the moon as well.”
“Simba, Amadu, Faisal?” my sister asks.
“Oh yeah, of course. That is my generation. Simba Zoungrana,

Amadu Cheboi, and Faisal Chakma. Those were three fellows I spent a lot of time with in my learning group.

Of course, I didn't know everything as a child. It turned out that Grandma Fernanda was deeply impressed by what she heard from geologists regarding underground drilling and nuclear explosions in many coastal areas shortly before the money-seekers departed for their space city *Elysium*. As you know, the Earth's mantle is thinnest in most of coastal areas. According to geologists, considerable damage was done to the upper layer of the mantle, which could help to explain certain unexpected volcanic eruptions and increased tectonic activity.

I do remember something about the trip itself. It was still quite an experience. All by all it was a space voyage! The moon base sent a space vehicle to Earth. We were taken in family groups to the lake, where a kind of floating ship awaited us. My grandmother was very excited. She, too, was making her first space trip. But in her case this was special as she would also experience the practical effects of her mathematical work for the first time.

Takeoff was strange and ultimately unpleasant. We felt like being crushed against our seats. Just when I felt like I couldn't handle any more, the pressure lifted. My parents looked worriedly at both their children and the two older people on board.

We were then transferred to another craft. This second spacecraft was much larger. Ten other families were also checked in for the trip. Our flight took sixty people to the moon, making our ship full. For a very brief moment, Grandma could now truly experience the effects of the Rovelli Space Bubble originated by TWIST-propulsion. I say *brief* for a simple reason. From what I understand about distortion, the distance from the Earth to the Moon is too short to create a full-fledged Space Bubble. Let's just say it felt like we were floating outside our bodies for a brief moment. But my memory might be playing tricks on me…"

My sister said about this: “When we visited Mars, the distance was great enough to generate a complete Space Bubble. We didn’t make the trip when the two planets were at their closest. I experienced that feeling you experienced, as if my body was floating outside of myself, especially when accelerating and decelerating. That happens quite abruptly. One has to understand that using Space Bubbles primarily means one is no longer dependent on the gravity of the other planets for acceleration. That was the most efficient technique before adopting TWIST-propulsion, but in some cases, it almost doubled the travel time because one had to get near the planet whose gravity made the acceleration possible. Today, we can always choose much more direct orbits. Our combined outward and return journey, including the time spend on Mars took less than an Earth year. That’s a huge improvement. Just imagine. The journey now being planned to Ganymede and Europa will take ‘only’ four years in total.”

Grandpa Lev smiled: “If you start interrupting me already now, we’ll probably need a few more days for the whole conversation… but I understand your enthusiasm. Let me just say that I was quite disappointed with the short travel time to Moon Dome 2. After half an hour in the shuttle vehicle, we had to transfer to the landing module. Today it is still faster to travel from the Earth to the Moon than from Moon Dome 1 to Moon Dome 5. But that has more to do with the living conditions on the Moon.

Imagine how I felt when the landing module entered an underground platform. After *Paradise*, as Bibliopolis was then called, this felt like hell. Everything was dark except for the artificial lighting; there was no green anywhere. As a precaution, one had to don a landing suit with oxygen tanks. We were immediately warned that if leaving the dome without a suit, we would die within 15 seconds unless security personnel could bring us in immediately. It felt worse than a prison!

I said, my only small consolation was that Faisal would be staying in the same dome as I was. I still remember the excitement of Grandma Fernanda to see a certain Henry Pax in person. She took advantage of the encounter to tell how Henry had helped so many people reach the Three Spots."

"The Three Spots?" my sister asked.

"That was the group name for *Paradise*, *Ultima Rosa*, and *Brilliant Pearl* back then. Grandma Henry if his son was around. He replied that while Dome 5 was close by even for lunar distance, you can't just hop on a fast tramway to have a meal together. At the time there was only one magneto connection, between Domes 1 and 2. Carl lived in Dome 5 because he expressed interest in participating in a mining program…

…I vaguely remember Henry visiting us in our private quarters a few days later. I think he showed us a recording of his family. I also remember that sad moment when it was Grandma Fernanda who had to tell Henry's son two months later that Henry had died in a work accident. His suit was perforated by micro-meteors during an outdoor assignment; all help arrived too late. Of course, I've wondered what became of the Pax… I saw at the Central Library not long ago Paula Pax is writing children's stories. I should ask her if she's related to Henry…

… But back to when I was 12. Shortly after our arrival, my parents introduced me to Ahanu's parents Tala and Aiyana. They came from Culturopolis, then called *Ultima Rosa*. Ahanu was about the same age I was. My mother Emmy had often spoken with Tala by video and was quite surprised to meet the family in person. Aiyana was a geologist and had a great deal of information about what was happening on Earth. We now know the story ended. But back then, there was still a lot of uncertainty. For the first time, I had nightmares when I thought about my friends Simba and Amadu. According to Ahanu's mother, the *Elysians,* called the

Bloomcampers when they still lived on earth, wreaked havoc on the subsurface with their morbid desire to possess rather than use. I'll later come back to what my mother Emmy said about this. They had indeed caused considerable drilling and nuclear detonations deep into the Earth's mantle. Thirty years later, two major consequences became clearly visible. On the one hand cracks were detected in the seabed in the Northern Hemisphere especially between Vineland and Waçúm. But the entire currently flooded area of South Erebúm and West Waçúm was also severely affected. Perhaps the natural slow sliding process of the tectonic plates had been speeded up by human activities. At the end of 121.38 and the beginning of 121.39 it appeared as if Aiyana's worst fears had come true. The cracks seemed destined to become continuous. That was the most likely explanation for the newly emerging volcanoes between existing ones across almost the entire Waçúm section of the Pacific Ring of Fire. In addition, both Brilliant Pearl and if destabilisation continued further, Ultima Rosa could become unstable. The latter was less at risk due to the altitude it was located. But when sea and marsh areas between Alkebulan and Erebúm and the Azores region showed signs of boiling here and there, Aiyana and Pepe Márquez called on all *Convivialis Civitas* in the network. In *Paradise* too the foreseen evacuation plans were started and families who were going to the moon said goodbye to those who staying on Earth.

Aiyana and Pepe worked with a group of geologists to create a map what they considered 'safe areas', primarily between the tropics. They tried to protect the inhabitants of the many *Convivialis Civitas* by informing those who were at risk where they should go if they had no choice but to stay on Earth."

"And it turned out as bad as the group of geologists had anticipated?"

"Yes, it did. Shortly after our departure, we were able to follow the development from the Moon with powerful telescopes. We had also

almost a daily briefing through incoming reports from the Three Spots. A period of major earthquakes started in almost the entire area of the aforementioned Ring but also in southwest Erebúm. Many Ignorants who were still locked up in districts and unaware of what was happening lost their lives. At some places entire districts of Megapoleis were destroyed in an instant. Our greatest regret was that we had not managed to secure sufficient refuge in time. Even the *Convivialis Civitas* had to endure heavy blows. Perhaps some of us minimised the dangers and therefore felt they could simply choose between Space and Earth. You could say that a certain optimism resulted in the loss of approximately a billion lives by recognising too late that the geologists' indications were to be taken seriously.

And yet one have to consider that those who suddenly lost their lives under falling rocks or during an earthquake were, in a sense, better off than those who survived that major volcanic activity on Earth and had to fend for themselves in the subsequent period. Just as in earlier episodes on Earth, the sky of the planet became almost universally grey. Large swathes of the Earth's surface even became dark due to the enormous dust and ash clouds collecte by winds and remained on the same place sometimes for years especially above and below the tropics. The Arctic ice cap froze over completely, and a kind of new mini ice age began on huge areas of land surfaces. The ironic result was that the sea level fell slightly down again.

The subterranean human activity caused by the race for Rare Earths had another consequence. The numerous explosions in the upper mantle and the resulting abruptly altered lava flow apparently even affected the liquid iron-containing core much deeper within the Earth. It was something no one had initially suspected. Perhaps as a coincidence the Earth's magnetic shield became unstable allowing true cosmic ion storms to pass through. These could be short and intense causing much of Earth's electronic equipment to malfunction temporarily or permanently. This, in turn, had

dramatic consequences for digitally stored information. Engineers from teams like the Chakma family had a tough time protecting the Three Spots, not so much from the Ignorant Wanderers, but from the effects of the Arrogant Possessors even having been absent from Earth itself for over thirty years. The Moon had suitable, perpetually shadowed craters for installing topological quantum computers. The lunar particle accelerator was in its experimental phase, and engineers and physicists were busy analysing practical problems. In those already cold places it's relatively easier to maintain a temperature near absolute zero, despite the challenging conditions for human operation. Naturally, any robotic assistance was more than welcome. Those were frightening days, indeed! First and foremost, tall the high-tech information was to be safely stored. Only towards the beginning of this hectoyear did the document savers begin to store digital information on Earth again."

"So the Earth finally stabilised?" I asked.

"Yes, but we didn't know that at the time. With every report that came in the death toll rose. It was terrifying.

I remember having seen more tear-filled eyes in those six years than in the rest of my life. And as I said, I feared for Amadu and Simba. As a twelve-year-old, I had nightmares about them systematically falling into lava pits. I managed to wake up dripping with sweat in a controlled artificial atmosphere on the Moon. Just try!"

Grandpa Lev laughed about that end went on: "A few months or maybe a year after our arrival in Moon Dome 2, I met Can Pham, Ahn Mai, and Sara Lector. They came from a *Convivialis Civitas* somewhere near the Paraa community.

As I think I said Ahanu was in our learning group and every visit from his mother included exciting stories about lunar cave exploration. These caves are primarily lava tubes. Just like on Earth and during the eruptions when the Moon was still geologically active outer rim solidified faster than what flowed inside, hence the tube-like appearance. The underground sections of the five lunar

domes are also housed in tube caves. Faisal and Ahanu were my bosom friends there on the Moon during those first two years. I always tried to be there where Ahanu and Faisal were on their explorations. Ahanu's mother took us sometimes with her for making measurements or to observe Earth through what we called the outer telescope. Faisal's father took us to visit the particle accelerator. With our parents' permission he also let the three of us visit a crater where they were building another quantum computer. I don't quite know what I expected, but I remember being very disappointed. All I saw was an incredible tangle of wires and plates inside a large, glassy sphere, while the working part was completely invisible to us, as it was enclosed in a protected near-zero Kelvin environment. I know that both Can and I told Ahn and Sara upon our return to Dome 2 that the thing was nothing more than a sphere of wires."

"So spent your days in Moon Dome 2 for those years," my sister observed.

"Yes. Or outside… I remember very well the day Aiyana told captivating stories while looking at the rocks our group brought in after a field trip. These were usually nothing more than meteorites or dust rocks. But using those rocks, she sketched the entire history of the moon's formation for us. That, of course, fired our imaginations. Can was one of the oldest in our study group. He devised a plan to explore the Moon without any patronising adults. Faisal apparently already knew how to get out of the Dome unnoticed. So one day, the six of us, Faisal, Can, Ahanu, Ahn, Sara, and myself, set out on an adventure. We had brought sealing bags because our goal was to collect moon dust. We had learned from Aiyana that olivine is found in regolith (which apparently cover most of 'dead' celestial bodies and was given the name moon dust on the Moon). With small pieces of olivine, we could make rings, and that was our whole plan: Can wanted to give Ahn a ring ass she well knew. I secretly also wanted to make such a ring for Sara she

did not know yet! Regolith is mainly finely crushed material, but in our imagination some of it would have been melted by the sun thus forming chunks of olivine. Of course, such ideas could only have arisen in the minds of lovestruck adolescents, and the whole plan was not without mortal danger.

We carefully jumped onto the lunar surface. Near Moon Dome 2 was a shallow crater, where we were supposed to gather our raw material. Immediately on our first 'jump' into the crater, Ahanu fell on his side in such a way that he couldn't even stand up on his own. We tried to put him right by making a long line down the crater rim. I tried to grap him. In doing so, I lost my balance and fell on top of him. Neither of us could stand. Panic was now taking hold of us, and we both started shouting into our suit microphones. Mine was apparently on a frequency picked up by the Control of Outer Dome activities. Ten minutes later, two adults came to rescue us from our predicament. We were interrogated by Control in the presence of our parents. We were assigned to work on a project about the existences of Olivine. We quickly realised how foolish we had been. The good thing in my opinion was that the episode resulted in Sara and me becoming truly inseparable. We still often burst out laughing whenever one of us says 'Olivine'. And that also immediately reveals your aunt's name: when our daughter was born much later, we both said Olívia at the same time. If your father had been the first, his name might have been Oliver…

The whole episode had also a rather unpleasant aftermath. Our parents curtailed our outdoor visits. The next adult-supervised worth mentioning outdoor activity only took place during a visit from a study group from Moon Dome 3 almost three years later. And Ahanu wasn't with us at that time. I must have been about fourteen or fifteen when Tala and Aiyana Quispe suddenly announced they'd had enough of the constant indoor routines in Moon Dome 2. Although we were in the darkest days of the Volcanic Winter, there seemed to be relatively little impact on the

Three Spots. So they preferred to return to Earth where Aiyana wanted to continue her research on the underground lava flows and the cracks in the Earth's mantle.
They were given a place on a shuttle to *Paradise* and not to *Ultima Rosa,* as flights to Earthly places were rather limited during that period. I would not see Ahanu again until we eventually returned to *Paradise* ourselves.
And now have to interrupt my story for a moment. I first want to talk about what my mother Emmy later told me when I was part of the liaison group between Earth, moon and *Elysium*."

"My parents were part of the group that organised discreet meetings between *GNet-Z* members and the still existing leading group of the three Fund Managers from *Elysium*. You should know that by 121.40, about one year after we moved to the Moon, the tensions between the Fund Managers and the existing oligarchy in *Elysium* had suffered greatly. The progressive aging of *Elysium* partly has to do with it. But one also has to imagine that in the meanwhile a lot of *Elysians* had been living in a space city for forty years, with no great prospects. No one could say exactly what would happen in the following decades. As I mentioned, Tala and Aiyana returned to Earth as much more geologists were returning to take their measurements in place. It gradually became clear that a part of the Earth would remain uninhabitable for a much longer time than the lifespan of *Elysium*. In the best-case scenario, the Space City could continue for another ten years without major intervention from Earth. And the Equivafolks found themselves facing major challenges themselves. *GNet-Z* members were willing to help the Fund Managers find solutions, but that would never be a return to Earth without some conditions.
There were just over three billion people living on the planet at the time. Most of them were Ignorant Wanderers and equivafolks of kinds of *Convivialis Civitas.* Almost all communities were located

between the tropics.

Although the Fund Managers filtered the information and much *Elysium*-residents were only partially aware of Earth's current state, the wealthiest oligarchs, including the Fund Managers themselves, were upset because they realised their dream of owning vast territories on Earth might not come to fruition. There was considerable tension surrounding this making victims as for instance was the case with Kiril Morshov and his friend Midas Takis. Their parents were Bloomberg 11 numbers without being Fund Managers. They had always believed they would one day own a domain with an area of about a quarter of Erebúm. They wanted to buy out all the inhabitants or even kill them if they had no other choice. When the Fund Managers told them that buying was pointless because almost no one on Earth still understood the meaning of the market economy, Midas and Kiril's parents were furious. Along with two other family leaders, they managed to hold some Fund Managers hostage. They intended to exchange them for weapons to clear out future domains on Earth. The other Fund Managers resorted to counter-violence. They had already anticipated difficulties with the oligarchic court [see book 11, *The Paradise of Books*] and had trained a small intervention team, and that proved very useful. They captured the four heads of the family thanks to a counter-action, and the fund managers wondered if this wasn't the most opportune time to launch a counter-information program targeting the children of these arrogant holders of high Bloomberg values.

During the discussions with Fund Managers assisted by my parents the first indicated that they were considering completely taking over the colonisation of Mars and leaving Earth to Earth.

That wasn't so much related to what the geologists, including the Quispe's said about the liveability of the Earth. The Fund Managers spread the rumour everywhere that the lunar inhabitants were receiving overly optimistic information about the possible recovery

after the Volcanic Winter. But in retrospect, according to my mother, the resistance to seeing the Earth and the Moon as places to return to had everything to do with the meanwhile growing moneyless society and not so much with geological concerns. For the *Elysium*-residents the Fund Managers were now the bankers of almost all digitally stored *digits*. Of course they knew those *digits* couldn't be converted into gold, but they were much more optimistic about mining *bitcoins*. If they could access the latest computer developments being developed on the Moon and operate similar computers on Mars, *bitcoin* would become the secure guarantee for money managers. But then you had to keep people believing that a *bitcoin* had intrinsic value. So it was about continuing to spread that faith. And on Earth, it seemed impossible to win adherents to such a belief these days. People there seemed increasingly less receptive to things you simply have to believe in.

So the Fund Managers wanted to launch a new information campaign. They asked for the cooperation of Earthlings. They wanted to present Mars as the new planet for the money managers. Their discussion partners including my parents, brought the idea to the *GNet-Z* groups. A general call in all *Convivialis Civitas* was necessary and the idea had to be debated. In the end it came down to the Fund Managers claiming Mars for *Elysium*. Wasn't that a reissue of the origin of ownership, as according to some Rousseau once said: '*Someone puts up stakes around a piece of land and says it's now mine*,' to make others say, '*He is right*'?

The discussions lasted about a year and revealed that if the Fund Managers wanted to take the *Elysium*-inhabitants to Mars, this had advantages for those living on Earth. The inhabitants of the *Convivialis Civitas* would be less at risk of seeing people emerge among them who would say *he is right*. On the other hand, if there are fellow species who enjoy being able to say *that's mine* the *GNet-Z* did not wanted to deprive them of that pleasure. If they also found pleasure in playing with numbers and wanted to use computers to

expand their virtual properties, they were not to be deprived of that pleasure too, as long as they did not threaten or curtail others in their own enjoyment of the *Convivialis Civitas*. The planet Mars thus would became a difficult planet for the Earthlings, but on the other hand, wasn't that a useful use of that planet for a small group of the human species wanting to live differently?

By the end of that year of debates, most of the agreements had been reached. *GNet-Z*-members would help the *Elysians* as long as taken into account the three scenarios for society organisation once drawn up by sociologists and anthropogogues and of which Denzel Cheboi and Jelani Zoungrana retrieved reports in *Paradise of Books.* [See book 00 *Little Guide for absent minded spirits* for details]

As *Elysium* would be dismantled and recycled four ships would be built recurring also to the permitted mining activity on the Moon. The *GNet-Z* members insisted that all information should be provided to everyone to have all options even to the oligarchs considered untrustworthy by the Fund Managers. They could develop a Type 1 society on Mars and possibly on Ganymede, which was further along in the terraforming process. A Type 3 approach was the most common one on Earth. The Type 2, or so-called Bregman solution, would be possible on any planet, and its development would depend on the community that chose it. On Earth, however, there was a condition attached. At least the children, and preferably also the adults who returned, would spend part of their time in a Charter Group. These Charter Groups would take place on the Moon because physiologists and physicians anticipated a long period of adjustment, especially for the bodies of space-born children, who would have to become accustomed to Earth's gravity.

Those were the agreements in 121.42 my mother told me about almost three years later when I was as a young man newly returned to Earth. I was fascinated. Perhaps that was why, along with Vanderlei, Raja, Delfina, and Hiroka, I signed up as a discussion

partner for joint work during the final settlement of *Elysium* the following ten years.
“Did you already know your friends?” I asked.
“No. I met them shortly afterward. But something else was on my mind…”
“My grandmother’s doubts,” my father said suddenly.
“Dad, you were listening!”
“Of course. You’ll probably want to talk to me too, and it’s best if I already hear what your grandfather has already said, so I will not repeat too much.”
“Repetition can also serve to confirm.”
“Or to invent stories…” my father said. “We try to make sure that this doesn’t happen here, but if you tell an untruth enough times, there comes a point when it can be taken as true. Just think of the influencers in the hectoyear 120 *Ignarysis* studies published about.”
“*Ignarysis*?” my sister asks.
“As far as we can tell, the journal was launched by the Demeester Sisters in Hectoyear 120 and continued until Catherine’s grandson came to *Paradise of Books*. Perhaps more about this later. For now, my father was still a lad on the Moon,” my father chuckled.
“A lad you say… A little respect for your old father, Alberto,” Grandpa Lev also chuckled. “But you’re right. Your grandmother Emmy thought it was better to have healthy doubts about that sudden big interest in Mars coming from the Fund Managers in *Elysium.* They gave the *Elysians* the impression that they had bought the planet from *GNet-Z* what of course wasn’t true. They had simply taken possession of it. Furthermore, they had managed to convince engineers to equip the Martian domes with infrastructure that would allow for both real ore mining and virtual *coins* mining. That rhetoric could cause problems in time. My mother was also disturbed when she learned how several descendants of the formerly wealthiest families simply gave their children up to learning communities on the Moon and then for adoption to Earth.

They themselves said those were difficult decisions. But, they added, a one-way trip to Mars now takes less than a year and might be even faster in the near future. So they preferred to keep themselves childless while rebuilding the heritage of their parents and grandparents. It was as if they were sending their children to boarding schools far away, as the wealthy commonwealth inhabitants often did in hectoyears 118 and 119. Midas, Dusan and many other young children, eventually ended up at Bibliopolis or Culturopolis after a stay on the Moon, but others subsequently went to Mars. Liberty, you and your cousin observed for yourselves how the Mars community preserved its belief in money and property, and the strong hierarchy based on ownership in their society."
"Yes," says my sister. "We often talked about it on our return trip, and we're still in intensive conversations with the Polypolitan Council about this."

The next day, Grandpa Lev picked up the thread of his story about his youth on the Moon.
"As I mentioned, we weren't immediately grounded after our lunar regolith adventure, but our outdoor excursions were strictly monitored. Our video chats with a learning group in Moon Dome 3 had just resulted in an invitation from them to visit. But after our autonomous excursion, the adults accompanying us felt we might not be responsible enough to visit Moon Dome 3. It was over 100 km away. There was no magneto connection between the two domes at the time, so any travel involved the use of lunar jeeps.
A counterproposal was made. We wouldn't visit Moon Dome 3, but they would come over and be hosted by Moon Dome 2. Raja, Despina, Vanderlei, and Hiroka were part of the visiting group. They were the only four families who two years later would also accompany us to *Paradise* when we returned to Earth. Vanderlei Hiroka, Leon and I clicked immediately. We became lifelong friends during that first visit. Despina and Hiroka were less exuberant than

the others. The first two ones were more like Sara and me, always ready to experiment without at first facing all consequences or danger of such an experiment."

Grandma Sara laughs: "Speak for yourself. I sometimes held my breath when you came up with something new. That regolith excursion was the most amazing, of course, but remember when you almost destroyed a laboratory with chemicals? Just because you wanted to show me how to make things glow in the dark. Luckily, we had protective suits on back then."

Grandpa Lev says, "But you really loved that glow in the dark. You even rewarded me with our first kiss, as soon as we took off our spacesuits."

Grandma jokes: "I had to grab onto something in case the whole thing should still blow up. That something happened to be someone. You didn't blow up, but our fate was still decided."

Grandpa then said, "And do you regret it?"

Grandma looked at him tenderly: "No, dear boy, I never regretted that kiss for a minute."

"So, Vanderlei. He and I nagged and complained for so long until we finally arranged a trip for the study group to one of those tubular caves. A comment from Vanderlei suddenly made me see very clearly the difference between to use and to own and how ownership determines something's value. While we were looking at the mined ores, he said: 'Ores contain chemical elements and minerals contain chemical elements — nature builds all sorts of things with them. Humans use them, transform them, and thereby create objects that serve us. The eternal value of diamonds, gold, and jewellery only exists for those who want to possess them forever even if the only purpose is to simply show they possess them. By simply using minerals and ores for what we deem useful they lose their eternal value and become mere building blocks. *Simple*…' I hadn't thought of natural building blocks that way before, but ultimately, a steel blade serves exactly the same

function as a diamond blade. It simply cuts different things. *Rarity* and *rare* are words used by those who want to collect and possess certain things and have little meaning for others.
Later, we often helped people to see the real use value of things, not their virtual ownership value. Not everyone likes the same paintings. But putting a price on them is someone's fantasy just like the *Bloomcampers* used to do. *Simple.*
Elysians or today we should say *Martians* once again seem to give eternal value to something. They even gave a fantasised value to something that aren't tangible like *bitcoins.*
People often tried to reduce possessions to some need. A need to show others they had something the other one has not. That seems to me to be a purely narcissistic feeling. It seemed like they wanted to increase their self-worth with an invented value. *Simple.*
When we started working together as discussion partners of Charter Groups and *Elysians*, we decided to introduce ourselves as *Simple Problem Describers.*
A problem could sometimes be described simply, but was not always easy to address. I'll try to explain this as follows. Recycling materials was, of course, important. Just think of the enormous applications of certain chemical compounds with fossil resources that the possessing *Elysians* and their ancestors had squandered since the beginning of the Industrial Revolution. We can use that verb, because it often involved producing superfluous things with the aim of increasing their means of exchange: think of how brand owners gained by promoting personalised transportation (cars) or dozens of similar brands making things more expensive simply by slapping a different logo on them. A glass is for drinking, regardless of whether it had an expensive logo or not. The perverse thing was that even with cheap mass-produced goods, owners managed to increase their possession of means of exchange.
Recycling was important because the waste had led to the depletion of certain resources, at least on Earth. We discussed this with Raja

and Vanderlei. That day, our accompanying adult was a relative of the deceased Henry Pax. He suggested contacting a learning group in Lunar Dome 5, where lives Henry's son Carl. We then had a long conversation with Carl and an older person, whom he clearly showed great respect for. Carl told us about the emerging meteor mining program. This program consisted, and still consists, of capturing meteors and meteorites and extracting from them ores that no longer exist on Earth. He also discussed the many possibilities of carboniferous compounds. Furthermore, he spoke about something proposed in hectoyear 120 as a general emerging improvement technique but today is only used in a very specialised and isolated way. Back then the invention was called nanotechnology. I already said I wonder if Carl is related to Paula who is one of the grandparents of your cousins Wolfgang and David."

"I know," my father interjected, "We're trying to put together a family tree also for them."

Grandpa waited a moment and then continued: "The conversation was very enlightening. Carl demonstrated how the meteor mining program could be viewed from Earth or from *Elysian* or Mars standpoint as I would say today.
The *Convivialis Civitas* saw the opportunity to find an alternative to some collective provisions when a shortage of an element was detected on Earth.
The *Elysians* immediately saw the opportunity to give the meteors a market value and put it on a stock exchange. This way, they can buy and sell them and make certain ores more expensive, thus creating a greater desire to own the rock. Therefore *GNet-Z* was warned to be careful in explaining the progress in this area during discussions with the *Elysium*- and later with the *Mars* hierarchy."
"Yes," said my sister, "Cousin Wolgang and I received quite clear information before we left for Mars."

To this Daddy said: “What I found to be a wonderful progress on Earth both on areas above and below the tropics, as soon as possible as a result of climate stabilisation was that a kind of alternative OPLACLE went on.”

“An alternative OPLACLE? What is OPLACLE?” I asked, surprised.

Grandpa nods. “The *Operation Planet Cleanup*, right. That was one of the more perfidious plans my grandmother had heard of.

The idea of the *Elysians* when they still were *Bloomcampers* was to wipe out entire regions with viruses and aggressive invasions, and then create a kind of Earth Garden only for the very wealthy. During Rebuilding, the planet was indeed cleaned up. But the cleaning was of a completely different nature and took place under the watchful eye of the local *Convivialis Civitas* Equivafolks. First, all the factories to apply the consumerism-driven proliferation of products for individual use, driven by Logo promotion techniques, were dismantled. Outside the Kingdom of the Middle, many factories had been empty for many years now; some were no more than skeletons, hollowed out by the aggressive militias just before the Volcanic Winter struck. Yet, even from these death giants still enormous quantities of material could be recycled. Former workers and their descendants, who had been taken up in Charter Groups during the final years before the Volcanic Winter, cooperated with their communities and were often able to provide the so-called Knowers with invaluable practical information regarding specific recycling processes.”

“That seemed like all in all to have been trilling times,” I noted.

My grandfather looked at me with raised eyebrows. “On the moon, staying alive was a thrill every time we ventured outside the lunar dome. But maybe we were too reckless to truly grasp that. We knew it was thrilling, but we only half-knew how much danger we were facing.

No, really exciting was receiving the news just after the solstice over the northern hemisphere of 121.45 we could safely go back to

Earth.

Seeing *Paradise of books* from the air after six years and having our shuttle boat landing close to the lakeshore, that was truly thrilling. When I showed Sara what I remembered about the settlement, my heart leaped into my throat.

Shortly after, I was able to hug Simba and Amadu. We looked at each other for a long time now that all three of us had grown real beards. I introduced Sara as a very special friend. She and Can were immediately accepted into the circle of friends. Even more exciting was that I returned back to *Paradise* just in time to celebrate in Sedmomehns my eighteenth birthday."

"Your *birthday* celebration?" Liberty asked mischievously, emphasising the word.

"Yeah, I don't know where your father gets his strange ideas from. Perhaps he was born too serious, Sara, don't you think?" Grandpa laughed. "I've always loved parties, no matter the occasion. And my mother had a big surprise for me. On my birthday, Vanderlei, Hiroka, Raja, and Despina suddenly walked in. They had flown in from the Moon to *Paradise* with their family a few days earlier. I also saw Aiyana and Ahanu again."

"And under the influence of so much joy…" began Grandma,

"…Sara and I decided to connect permanently. Two days after my birthday we announced this to my parents."

Grandpa paused. "And that was a lot more thrilling than walking on the moon, believe me!" he concluded.

Back on solid Earth

Paradisus

"So, you were back on Earth, you and Grandma Sara announced that you would move in together as soon as possible and your parents were busy again."
That's how I started the following conversation with Grandpa.

"The first little surprise was that Jelani and Denzel no longer spoke about *Paradise of books* but about *Convivialis Civitas Paradisus* or *CC Paradisus*. I had to laugh at this tendency to stick Latin or Latin-sounding words on everything. Now, everywhere people were talking about *CC Paradisus*, *CC Rosa* in *CC Margarita*, imagine. Moon Dome 2 was now Spot *Cupola Lunaris* and the three Spots were four. People spoke of *Quattor Loc*a and even of *Quinque Loca* when *CC Arqueopolis* got involved in the group. People talked about *Homo Ignarus* and *Homo Sciens* when referring to Ignorants and Knowers. My mother too laughed at it and said that Ratke and Comenius must have turned in their graves with such a desire to return to the past. My father thought it was simply a reaction to the *Elysium*-period and just a fleeting love for Latin-like words. Today we have indeed outgrown them somewhat. We did continue to hold on to *Convivialis Civitas* though for a long time lots of Equivafolks continue to do so. Perhaps because it better captures the Illichian term "conviviality" than words like "gentleness". We also retain some Greek words, such as "polis" and some prepositions, such as hecto in hectoyear.
So, the yearning for the past quickly ended. The term *Quinque Loca* quickly fell into disuse especially after a remark by the group of anthropogogues in which your grand-grandmother Emmy was very active. Such words and identifications could easily lead to an idea of a kind of hierarchy with respect to others which the *Convivialis*

Civitas wished to avoid at all costs.

My group of friends who stayed on Earth during the Volcanic Winter had in *CC Paradisus* the regular company of Jelani, Denzel, and Tala. Not long after, Sara and I also started to meet with them more often. The Earth-stayers emphasised that the *Five Spots* had made a greater effort than a novice *Convivialis Civitas* to receive distraught Ignorants in those years we were absent.

Most of the Ignorants had been influenced by the aggressive policies of the *Elysians* and militias for many years. Almost all lost members of their families. The human suffering in the last years before the Rebuilding had been immense. Many could not be brought to habitable zones on the planet or beyond in time. For this reason often chooses had to be made. Many *GNet-Z* members lost their lives helping others.

Homo Ignarus obviously wanted to shift the blame to someone. And in that confused period, hate preachers, apocalypse worshippers and the remaining militias and *Cou-Clib-Clans* put the blame rather on the *Homo Sciens* than the Wealthy Owners. Anyhow shortly after the return of those who had spent the Volcanic Winter on the Moon more and more Wanderers who came to local *Convivialis Civitas* and were received by supporting communities of surviving local *GNet-Z* members. At one point, anthropogogues of the different learning groups had daily video conferences that anyone who wanted to attend could join. These groups were primarily intended to share work resources. Very quickly, these groups and their participants became very sensitive to any form of pedantry. After all, it was extremely important that *Homo Ignarus* learned to distinguish between supportive help and what, until a few years ago, they often experienced as pompous disdain. Shortly after our return to Earth, these groups providing guidance could be seen as a new generation of emerging anthropogogues. Later, they would launch the Interpolitan Community of Anthropogogues and the *ICA* discussions. Your father still frequently participates in these

meetings. It was in these groups that my parents truly learned how to give support to Ignorants with renewed desire to learn through dialogical interaction and guidance. It was crucial to start from discoveries and small experiments, not only with children but also, and especially, with adults.

I still vividly remember the discussion about the difference between explaining and deducing. Making a small discovery and then try to deduce or seek an explanation together is different from someone providing an explanation and then allowing a prepared experiment to be conducted. As an anthropogogue working with a group of distraught adults who have just arrived in a *Convivialis Civitas* it's better to know exactly under which circumstances each approach should be used and why.

I also remember very well how delighted Denzel was when he found a fragment of a text by Richard Feynman about science. He was a researcher who had done considerable work in the hectoyear 119 to develop quantum theory. More than two hundred years ago, he wrote about what science means. He tried to arrive at a kind of definition for the word 'science' in a natural history perspective. He said something like *and then came a time when, for some species, the speed at which learning increased created something entirely new: things could be learned by one animal and passed on to another, so quickly that the it wouldn't be lost. And it became possible to acquire knowledge. This was called Time Bending. I don't know who first called it that.*

This phenomenon of having a memory, of accumulating knowledge passed down from generation to generation, was new to the world. But it harboured a disease. It was possible to transmit false ideas. It was possible to transmit ideas that were not beneficial to the species. The species has ideas, but they are not necessarily beneficial.

Then came the time when ideas, though they accumulated slowly, were not only accumulations of practical and useful things, but also formed great accumulations of all sorts of prejudices and strange and abnormal beliefs.

Then a way was discovered to prevent the disease. That is, doubt. Doubting whether what is passed on from the past is actually true and trying to understand ab inicio, again from experience, what the situation is, instead of believing in previous experiences in the form in which they are passed on.
That's what science is: the result of the discovery that it's worth double-checking through direct experimentation and not necessarily believing the species' previous experiences. That's how I see it. That's my definition of science.
But as for anthropogogues, he said something else that was perhaps just as profound. It was precisely about what I call avoiding bombastic pedantry. He said: *Teachers who teach children at the base of the pyramid might sometimes doubt experts. Learn from science that you should doubt experts. In fact, I can define science another way: science is the belief in the ignorance of experts. When someone says that science teaches this and that, they are using the word incorrectly. Science doesn't teach, experimentation teaches.*
Richard Feynman's texts still seem important to me.
In that period when we all had to learn to separate the analysis of social circumstances from emotional yes-no reactions. In *Convivialis Civitas* generalisations were out of the question if we wanted to evolve from a deficient democratic system to a more involving pluralistic one.
Already in the course of the twentieth hectoyear and long before the Volcanic Winter and the hare away of *Bloomcampers* to *Elysium* some scientists of Artificial or Electronic Intelligence (AI or EI) did not want to use this mean as a driver to lead consumers into narrow-minded thinking by only picking up own desires. The more general approach to electronic intelligence (EI) was then called the Habermas Machine, after the German sociologist, philosopher, and social critic Jürgen Habermas. The premise was that with EI help or AI people could find more easily common ground for mediation and discussion on complex social and political issues. Reports from that

time showed that opinions from a group using the Habermas Machine received higher ratings from external raters for quality, clarity, informativeness, and perceived fairness. When this type of EI or AI helped mediate the discussion, divisions within groups diminished, which was not the case when discussants exchanged ideas directly, without mediation by the Habermas Machine, or only relied on human mediators. During citizen assemblies with EI- or AI-assisted mediation, groups' positions tended to adopt a more non-confrontational stance on controversial issues. The researchers suggested at the time that the shifts in opinion formation could be due to the fact that EI or AI did not incorporate emotional biases into decision-making. This could suggest that the deliberative process actually contributed to the emergence of shared perspectives on potentially polarising social and political issues. However, EI or AI can still be seen as a manipulative tool, especially when what was entered by humans in data bases already implied a particular choice. Further research on the use of the Habermas Machine was warranted.

Meanwhile, all social life was actually concentrated between the tropics on Earth, in the lunar domes and on *Elysium* where the Fund Managers continued to prepare for a mission to Mars, the Moon, or Moon-Earth. On the planet itself, the *Convivialis Civitas* suggested cities should remain under one hundred thousand equivafolks to ensure healthy cooperation among residents. They should also not be much smaller to ensure heterogeneity.

Above the latitude of 30 degrees North and below 30 degrees South, human life remained difficult and often impossible."

Fruitful years

"Shortly after we returned to Earth, my mother met Sang N'Kondo Ngô during a visit to the Central Library of *Paradisus*. She joined a conversation among *Homo Sciens* wanting to promote the

moneyless cooperation in *Convivialis Civitas*.
They would continue to work together until Sang, who was eleven years older than my mother, passed away. They went again through all of Freire's work together. In *CC Paradisus* there were less documents available. But especially in *CC Rosa* not only were many books available written by Freire himself, but also by subsequent generations of anthropogogues who studied the relationship between oppressors and oppressed. The Walking Books as well as the Document Keepers from Anahuac had provided the Library of*CC Rosa* with texts that could not be found elsewhere. The importance of Paulo Freire's legacy for the work of the study groups with *Homo Ignarus* was evident again, and they called themselves the Freire Working Group. They were a kind of reissue of the Freire Circle my father participated in just before his departure to the Moon."
"Despite the Volcanic Winter, contacts between the former three Spots, then five Spots, remained?"
Grandma Sara interjects: "I think your grandfather is mixing things up a bit. If I remember correctly what my parents told me, while we were on the Moon, we had mainly bilateral contact with each of the three Earth-based refuges. This was due to glitches in the satellites and especially to electromagnetic disturbances on Earth itself. These were partly caused by gaps in the solar wind shielding. After their return to Earth, your other grandparents Emile and Claude, were very busy looking for good shielding. For certain parts of the planet, only a kind of shielded cable could be used. In this context, they had quite a few long-distance conversations with Anui and Taiana Southpath, who then lived in *CC Margarita*. That's why they moved to *CC Paradisus* later that year. But Keanu Southpath, Meava and their daughter Moana, who you obviously know well today, at the time remained in *CC Margarita.* With the help of Anui and Keanu, Emile and Claude managed to re-establish permanent connections between the Three Spots. On Moon Dome 5, Carl Pax's cooperators helped with the necessary satellite corrections. In *CC Rosa* Pepe and

Miguel Márquez were present. That was also when we first heard about the group Wei Huáng and Delun participated with in *CC Arqueopolis*. Not 'your' Dulan, Liberty, but Delun, who is now also part of the saga writers' group. Wei and his son had not long since started collecting artefacts. It was from then on we always spoke about *Quinque Loca* until that term disappeared again after the establishment of the Polypolitan Council."

Grandpa Lev looked at Sara for a moment. Then he said, "Right, yes. Let it be so. The group my parents were involved in became a real planetary group. The *Quinque Loca* were in constant contact with each other. Somewhat influenced by Sang's personality, my mother then focused her research on learning communities. She wrote several texts about this in the following years. In the pre-Rebuilding period, such a focus might have been a doctorate. Today, she is widely recognised for that work. But as you know, titles have long since fallen into disuse. Her biography reveals that she was part of a group you may still be familiar with by the name *BringIN*. She was a co-founder of that think tank called *Bringers of Individual Choices*, abbreviated ***BringIN***. The group suggested for the first time the concept of what we know so well today as the *Dynamic Collective Society Project*. That year my mother was practically never home. She spent hours on video calls with others from almost all *Convivialis Civitas* with which there were direct or indirect connections."

"Indirect connections?"

Grandma Sara clarified: "What your grandfather is saying is that during the Rebuilding period there were still some physical boundaries. The current network of railway connections with adjacent cable lines was in the making. So there were Civitas that only had a local connection with just one of the *Loci*."

"But why that increasing activity?" my sister asked.

Grandpa continued: "Because that *BringIN* group did exactly what

its name suggests. They wanted to map all known communities and understand how Equivafolks organised themselves within each community. Gradually, they developed a picture that indicated only type 2 and type 3 communities existed on the planet Earth in Rebuilding. No structured community wanted to reintroduce worldwide money to the planet. Therefore, there was no longer a universal capital-based economic society on Earth. The communities economically moderated by Bregman solutions used local exchange symbols but had little or no interest in means of exchange that went beyond the community. Some even discussed surplus to be community material rather than property. These type 2 communities have long been a subject of observation, not only for the *BringIN* group. According to your grand-grandmother, in those communities, there was always the possibility of switching either to a money based ownership structure or to a truly moneyless use structure. But, I repeat, during that entire first year, the members of the think tank wanted to gather stories and hear from those who had survived the Volcanic Winter on Earth and what they could connect with. They wanted to know what equivafolks thought and did. That was important. The Moon Domes could quite easily determine in which areas groups of people lived that were little known but generally assumed to be wandering *Homo Ignarus*. As soon as contact was made and according to the *BringIN* think thank it was important for the group's members to have a good overview of where they could potentially be admitted or where they had a good chance of survival if they preferred to continue to exist as a separate group."

"And speaking of admitting," said Grandma, "quite quickly, Freire working groups in Alkebulan and similar Illich groups in Anahuac became subgroups of *BringIN*."

"And another little fact," Dad added. "My father told me how my grandparents learned that quite a few Ignorants who escaped safely from the Megapoleis during the Volcanic Winter still had implanted

chips. These, of course, were no longer of any use. Removing the chip became a kind of symbolic conclusion to the pre-Rebuilding period."

There was a moment of silence, then Grandma said, "Maybe it's time to make something to eat."
"That's a good idea," Dad replied. "I'll just go get Maria and bring some fresh eggs the chickens laid this morning."
We walked into our grandparents' yard to pick vegetables. We made a giant omelet together and drank fruit juice with it.

After lunch, Grandpa said to my father, "Your grandparents talked about taking away the chips for symbolic reasons, but my mother also believed there was a practical reason behind it. The nine years between our return to Earth and the complete closure of *Elysium* had given the equivafolks of the *Convivialis Civitas* in the habitable part of the planet the opportunity to increasingly understand that money was useless when projects were discussed responsibly between the various communities. In a sense, the old slogan '*time is money*' was changed to '*money is stealing time*'. You have to *give* time for ideas to mature, you shouldn't *pay* for it… As we will see later, the dual absence of money and *Elysium* greatly promote friendly relations between people and communities. This made the cooperative sharing of goods even easier. *Simple,* Vanderlei would say, just like you, Sara. The value speculators disappeared, and the intrinsic use value of an object or thought became much more important than its symbolic possession value, as in early human history.
But my mother thought a lot about it back then. She especially wanted to understand how people repeat attitudes. She expressed her concern several times that it's not always easy to recognise when something goes wrong in relationships and to avoid similar missteps from the past. That's why she encouraged *BringIN* to set up a working group consisting of sociologists, psychologists,

anthropogogues, and still existing economists such as Raja's father to develop an improved Bregman model. Emmy didn't ignore that work although she herself was convinced that such a model contradicted the ultimate desire of many members of the Convivialis Civitas. She actively contributed to it. But as she thought there was no interest on Earth for such a global system. Today, it seems the model was already outdated before the group even disseminated the idea. The less global but much more sustainable *Convivialis Civitas-Civitates* consisting of a network of communities relied rather on dialogical than commercial interaction. However, the model is fully described and can be easily read in the Humanities section of the Central Library.
My mother always assumed that any coordination group in the style of the *BringIN* group had to listen more than to act. When I volunteered my time the following years in discussions with the Elysium fund managers, she had a long conversation with me and said things like '*It's not conducting, but deducing that is the essence of coordination. Of course, when we talk about a Convivialis Civitas, we're talking about who coordinates. But coordinating is guiding. And guiding is based on deducing, not on conducting*'. That has always stayed with me." At those last words, Grandpa wipes away a tear.

While Grandpa Lev was lost in memories for a moment, Grandma said, "Those were exciting times, yes. There was so much to discuss and deal with. There were often large group meals, but always cooperatively planned and prepared. There was also time for conversation among friends. One such evening, a very happy but somewhat nervous Simba came to visit us. We, meaning the regular group of moon friends together Amadu, Faisal, and Ahanu. He brought Yoruba with him, whom he introduced as his future wife.
That was just before the general enthusiasm for making new words from old languages seemed to die down somewhat."
Mom laughed: "Yes, it was really strange those few years when you

suddenly came up with all kinds of Latin roots to give names to things. *Convivialis Civitas* remained but many other names disappeared again… was it a kind of fashion?"
At the same time I said, "Wait a minute, Yoruba is Idrissa's mother, and Faisal is Babitha's father. Right?"
Then Mama said, "Right, as we go along, you'll see the names of the saga's writers emerge. You already understood that Amadu and Diya are Zanaibu's parents, right?"

Paradisus becomes Bibliopolis

"The name *Paradisus* disappeared pretty quickly," Liberty noted when we continued talking the next day and briefly returned to what Mom had called Latin fashion.
Grandfather replied, "The inhabitants of the *Convivialis Civitas* agreed on 1 phromehns 121.50 to change the name of *Paradisus* into *Bibliopolis,* possibly with *CC* in front of it. There was a fairly long discussion beforehand as to whether one would opt for -city or -polis.
Ultimately, two arguments were decisive.
On the one hand, Polis is an easy-to-grasp concept. It encompasses a broader spectrum than simply 'city'. Moreover, this is true in many of the languages spoken in the Convivialis Civitas today. Therefore, the content of Polis does not need to be translated.
On the other hand, and more importantly, it was pointed out that it was good to remember the MegaPoleis but to make a distinction about those dictatorial environments in the last hectoyear before the Rebuilding and the Polisses of the *Convivial*-thought today. Formerly Poleis, now Polisses. Polisses are small, self-contained entities. There was a similar discussion in *CC Rosa* where Culturopolis was chosen. *CC Margarita* wanted to remove the old Greco-Persian reference. That's why that *Convivialis Civitas* chose for the name Perolapolis. In 121.50 the former Three Spots and thus

also the *Quinque Loca* agreed to no longer use those references. Alle polisses presented themselves as the Tropic Communities or TrC. There were no elections for executive boards. Anyone could simply sign up to participate in one or more working groups that had one or more *Convivialis Civitas* involved. That remains the case. From the outset, the TrC proposed to view itself more as part of a Polypolitan Council. It was assumed that settlements beyond the tropics might emerge in the next generation. And equivafolks from the Moon Domes also were intervening on typically Earthly projects. Meteor mining, for example, made possible by Electronic Intelligence, was a human endeavour that far transcended the tropics on Earth.

The first two questions posed by the Polypolitan Council were whether it was universally accepted that the year should begin on 1 Phromehns, just after one of the sun's equatorial transits, heading north, as had been the practice since the volcanic winter and in some cases already earlier.

Another working group went through all Bregmanian variants to introduce them into the debate with the *Elysians* and to ask how the Polisses saw their organisation of whom preferred to return from *Elysium* to the Moon or the Earth.

The big difference between my generation and the following one of your parents is that although much of us were born in *Paradise* or one of the other Spots, we are all from the period preceding the Volcanic Winter. The then so called Knowers and inhabitants of the Three Spots understood that Ignorants and Refugees (Wanderers and Books) had to develop models together. If they didn't, they might be enslaved again by the wealthy money-lovers. This concern was palpable in the handling of the discussions with the *Elysium*-residents. The thought motivated me too. I hadn't spent the Volcanic Winter on Earth and found that even in a lunar dome, with solid ground under my feet, life outside Earth wasn't always pleasant, no matter how much we wanted to make convivial such a

Civitas. So I participated in planetary and extra-planetary Convivialis committees. That wasn't difficult because the people returning from the Moon to Earth were spread out over various *Convivialis Civitas*. They could talk about their experiences in the Moon Domes anywhere. We ourselves had chosen Paradise, now Bibliopolis. It made little difference to Sara, and I saw the advantages of being close to a Central Research Center for social affairs. We hesitated between Culturopolis and Bibliopolis, because we might be able to find more information there regarding the Illich working groups. My aging grandmother and aunt naturally wanted to go back to *Paradise* and actually my parents too. Sara and I decided to stay together at a young age but we still preferred also to stay on the same place as our parents. And Faisal assured us that the communication links between the two places were good.

But for me, 121.50 is primarily the year your aunt Olívia was born. We were overjoyed and exhausted. The first few days after her birth, Simba and Yoruba spent lots of time with us so we could catch up on sleep.

Grandma added: "Raja, Despina and Hiroka also came by every day and we prepared many meals together."

Grandpa continued: "Yes, those meals. We talked mostly about Olívia, of course. It's probably often the case that any daughter is the most beautiful, sweetest, and most remarkable daughter ever to her own parents. But *Elysians* also had children, and we often talked about them. Many parents there demonstrated in every possible way how they loved money and power, sometimes as much or more than their own daughters and sons. However most of them finally admitted that it was their own class who had undermined the capitalist system. Except for the most narcissistic oligarchs, they understood that in a finite world, one cannot be the absolute owner and still hope for economic growth. The gold nuggets and precious stones used since hectoyear 70 no longer guarantee the symbolic value they gave to money, even putting together all gold reservers

they long kept for themselves in hidden places. But they were incorrigible. They worked on what they assumed to be inexhaustible source. For the economists of the Fund Managers, this could be achieved by *mining bitcoins.* While we considered it a naive notion by those who suddenly believed in the infinity of man-made machines and electronic intelligence, their economists were firmly convinced that there was laying the future. Hence their interest in everything related to building gigantic, ultra-cooled quantum computers in space, preferably as far from the sun as possible… Mars and Jupiter… You could see their eyes twinkle when they talked about it. Would, after Ignorant Arrogants and Arrogant Ignorants, a kind of paradoxical Ignorant Knowers develop now? Or was their dogmatic belief in money simply taking a new direction?"

"But from your story I understood that it was already clear the *Elysians*, or at least the Fund Managers moving to Mars were again talking about buying and owning land instead of just using it," I asked for clarification.

Grandpa nodded. "That's right. My parents had participated in those conversations and longly briefed me and the other Bibliopolis working group members.

Now, things were not quite that simple for two reasons.

There were, as I personally could well understand, *Elysians* who were thoroughly tired of life in space. We already mentioned that the oldest ones longed to see Earth again before passing away.

On the other hand, we also had groups of survivors on Earth, mainly descendants of former militias and some former administrators, who did not accept the idea of a moneyless society at all. Although they were aware of the growing network of *Convivialis Civitas* and were able to experience it firsthand, they kept saying these were all 200-year-old flower-power hippie dreams. We asked them and the Fund Managers if they were interested in meeting and discussing future plans.

Ultimately, nearly forty thousand residents of *Elysium* moved into

space together with about ten to twenty thousand earthlings.
Making deliberations was quite difficult at that time. In the *Convivialis Civitas* network, agreements were gradually built up. The conversations about to Earth returning *Elysians* took almost a year. That wasn't a great problem, because their gravitational adjustment took longer. Biologically, that process couldn't be accelerated anyway. Even being a much smaller group *Elysians* stuck to the hierarchy anyhow. It was far from clear to know to what extent *Elysians* were aware of what was decided about them. The *BringIN* working group concluded no individual proposals were made at *Elysium*. The only proposals to be discussed came up from the Fund Managers. *Elysium*-inhabitants had never asked to be part of the *Convivialis Civitas* network. According to the operating rules of the network, the agreement bound all equivalent members, as they all had the opportunity to discuss the agreements. But according to the Fund Managers themselves, they were the legal representatives of *Elysium* and thus could make agreements in the name of the entire community.
Convivialis Civitas network did not intervene in the way *Elysium,* Mars and Ganymede ruled themselves. Jupiter's moon Europa was a possible expansion area for those who would settle on Ganymede. The Fund Managers claimed that the *Elysians* and their descendants represented by them would abandon their belief in money and property if settling on Earth. The Equivafolks found it difficult to accept that Fund Managers could make a decision about what was ultimately a code of conduct of others. In the final analysis Fund Managers only announced the *Elysians* that those wanting to return to Earth would be enrolled in a Charter Group.
There were some biological as well as some ethical concerns surrounding this. Firstly, both biology Knowers at *Elysium* as on Earth were aware the adaptation could be difficult. The Fund Managers wanted to purchase lunar facilities for those who would undergo this adaptation on the Moon. This was met with

incomprehension from the Polypolitan Council. It wasn't about money, but about physical capacity. Lunar Domes 4 and 5 had empty living space at the time and could therefore easily accommodate several thousand Elysians. This 'obstacle' was thus quickly removed. All in all, this involved approximately two thousand five hundred people who preferred to return to Earth.

What was more important was the suggestion to be included in learning groups to help them to understand how the *Convivialis Civitas* were put together. If afterwards some *Elysians* still chose not to give up their belief in ownership this should be followed through. Those involved, the Polypolitan Council, and the Fund Managers, should then jointly explore possibilities for going to Mars, asking a Type 2 community on Earth whether it was willing to accept *Elysians* or propose a permanent lunar residence. That could also take a considerable amount of time, but that time was available.

Interested Earth engineers could participate in restarting terraformation on Mars and further terraforming Ganymede. This was, as always in the *Convivialis Civitas* based on agreements. Of course, no monetary compensation was ever expected but any engineer could decide to withdraw their participation if they felt uncomfortable with the way the planned work was being carried out.

The most urgent thing was that until 121.54 everyone had to leave *Elysium* before Space City gave up. After that, the Moon, spacecrafts, Mars, and Jupiter's moons were there to make further decisions.

The Polypolitan Council asked the *Convivialis Civitas* to compile a list of available materials for to supplement the material recycled from *Elysium*. This was necessary to determine the transport capacity of the spacecraft to Mars and Ganymede. This became easier once it became clear on Earth itself that hemp fibers could replace all sorts of strong materials previously made with raw

materials that were no longer available and could not be recycled. And hemp fibers could easily be grown in sufficient quantities.
Several cargo convoys were launched to Mars and Ganymede so that advanced human and electronic engineers could prepare the habitats. All human engineers then had the choice of returning to Earth or remaining on Mars or Ganymede. Naturally, among the human engineers there were a number of adventurous Earthlings."

The Earth Convivialis Civitas Network

So the *Convivialis Civitas* network is a specific product of the Rebuilding?" With that question I resumed the conversation.

Grandpa thought for a moment and then said, "Not quite. I think of what my grandmother once told me. A few years before she was born, the then semi-clandestine group I already mentioned called *GNet-Z* organised a large global meeting thanks to the three secret satellites they had at the time. That's when they came up with the name *Convivialis Civitat**es.*** Especially in Anahuac many working groups were quite aware of Illich's legacy and that's where the idea came from. My grandmother later learned from her parents that the various groups were searching for some kind of common denominator. Some recalled the virtual communities, such as the *Hortublic* and the older *Res Publica Literaria*, still others preferred to stick with the existing Freire and Illich circles. As you know, when your father asked if he could organise a JCD Space, he also submitted a proposal to restart *Ignarysis* with the name *Neo-Ignarysis* as an electronic journal. Neo-Ignarysis contributors set 2098 (120.98) as a kind of launching point for the network, almost half a hectoyear before Rebuilding starts. What we can say is that the concept evolved. In 120.98 people were still thinking about a new form of State as a response to the dictatorial Megapoleis, hence the *Civitates*. During Rebuilding the double term *Convivial Civitas-Civitates* was often used but the last word of the term was lost. The

Polypolitan Council is a community of *Civitas*, of medium-sized cities. What I find much more important is that the residents of the *Quinque Loca* quickly eradicated the idea of capital cities. Those five places were simply starting points as a repository of human potential. In the Polypolitan Council everyone is on an equal footing. There are no major or minor communities, no winning majorities, and no votes are cast in their name. The working groups of the Polypolitan Council seek solutions that are always provisional and each *Convivialis Civitas* chose a more village-like or urban-like character. As I mentioned, we advised to avoid Polisses with more than one hundred thousand equivafolks.

Already since the birth of my brother Leon in 121.30 my parents became more intensively involved with the learning groups that were sometimes called Charter Groups at the time. But they were also very interested in the local production groups. *Convivialis Civitas* had to find a good balance between the organisation of artisanal production methods and the construction of objects of great complexity that require specialised studies. For the production of some objects, the interaction between biological and electronically intelligence to control production must be flawless. Consider, for example, the technological machinery necessary to build and launch a spacecraft.

In any *Convivialis Civitas* or between individuals and groups from different communities, a project is possible as long as someone is interested and can count on collaborators with the necessary technical capabilities. The underlying ethic is that the impact study serves to determine whether the project harms anyone who isn't interested or can be dangerous for ecological reasons. With Rebuilding this way of thinking is also the starting point with children in spaces where experience and knowledge meet. My mother, and perhaps even more so her friend Sang, demonstrated in almost every working group they participated in how easily rankings are established and how dangerous they are. It's important

that everyone continues to understand how each person is more dependent on the others than to make others on one. Again, that was what made us realise, immediately after our return to Earth, to avoid expressions like *the Three Spots*. It was important that the equivafolks of those Polisses constantly understood that without all the other Civitas, they simply have no purpose in life. I would say that by mid-hectoyear 121, we were starting to succeed quite well in this, thanks to the way children were taught."

"And then Daddy was born," says Liberty.
Grandma Sara smiles. "Yes, and then Alberto was born not long before the end of that year 121.53, on the 20th of Dwiterodekmomehns. And shortly after that, Simba and Yoruba had Idrissa. Olívia, Alberto, and Idrissa would soon become playmates…"

"Meanwhile, *Elysium* was almost completely dismantled," Grandpa continued. "Fifty years of self-isolation means a relatively young space-born population mixed with an aging population, and on top two intergenerational groups. A kind of human puzzle, thus. For various reasons, they all wanted to return to solid ground. We've already discussed the agreements. A quick return to Earth was biologically impossible due to gravity. Culturally the return was impossible for most of the Elysians due to the absence of a market economy. Mars became the new haven for most, after an admittedly shorter adjustment period.
Anyhow *Elysium* remained a stronghold of intrigue and mistrust primarily related to money and status. Hierarchical shifts had occurred as a result of gambling activities, especially during the First Great Boredom [See *Paradise of Books*]. Meanwhile, the Fund Managers had divested themselves of 'possessions on Earth' and acquired 'possessions on Mars'. In other words, just as the Spanish and Portuguese rulers did with the '*New World*' in 1498 AD in Tordesillas the Fund Managers simply took possession of Mars and

divided the land among themselves. This, of course, had far-reaching consequences. New families were assigned value numbers 10 and 11 while others dropped down the rankings. Furthermore, the most savvy top engineers who went to *Elysium* had sufficiently documented themselves in quantum computer technology to mine *bitcoins* faster than the installed oligarchy.

The biggest problem for everyone was the lack of subordinates, serfs, or slaves. In the Space City, space was much more limited than on a planet, and the *Elysians* satellite '*slaves*' had been composed primarily of specialised Knowers who had initially been unconditionally loyal to them but now often took charge. When some Fund Managers, after 16 years of almost complete isolation, re-established contact with some *GNet-Z* members, they also quickly realised that they had to do everything in their power to make those 'Knowing Serfs' believe in the new Fund possessions. Many of the intrigues originated there. A kind of new court had to be established and a new ranking established. Dramatic in this regard would be the fate of less cautious volunteers who left Earth for Mars with the *Elysium* population under the illusion that the renewed vision had been influenced by the ideas for the type 2 society. Those who failed to return to Earth quickly ended up among the descendants of families from Megapoleis and administrative centers who had been exiled to Mars in the decades before the Volcanic Winter.

I was 27 and Sara is 25 when Vanderlei, Raja, Despina and Hiroka and our group from Bibliopolis together with other groups of volunteers from other Polisses for the time being made the final arrangements with the *Elysium* Fund managers before the exodus to Mars and regarding the use of existing technology on the Moon.

We sensed very clearly at the time that their ethics and morals continued to be based on hierarchies derived from religion. Therefore, we could only observe and try to suggest, based on the ignarometric analysis, that they should be cautious about

establishing overly rigid forms of domination. But those having *coins* often remained condescending towards those who did not have *coins*. This included giving alms, as the rich used to do to the poor at the gate of the church. Moreover, whoever not having *coins* would continue dreaming of becoming rich and thus reject an egalitarian community and even all of Raja's Bregmanian proposals. The heirs of number 8 were the lowest Bloomberg values in *Elysium.* Almost all of them decided to stay on the moon nevertheless still believing in money and property. Perhaps they were only tired of being constantly relegated to a lower status.

When my mother heard the stories that we and other volunteers brought, she assumed that in order to maintain *Convivialis Civitas* healthy, an emphasis had to be placed on an empathic ethic. This was more effective for establishing cosmopolitan communities than the dictates of ancient religions. Any tendency toward ostentatious wealth would be seen as evidence of immaturity. My mother often talked about what an empathic ethic entails and what are its benefits. Superficially, empathy is the ability to put one's feet into others shoes. Empathy isn't about agreeing or disagreeing with someone else. It's about trying to understand why others adopt a position that differs from our own and why that position is satisfying to them.

In a world full of religious or other hierarchies, and full of majorities and minorities, it's not hard to see that empathic feelings for certain beings or people can struggle to develop. Typically, an arrogant majority lacks empathy for a non-arrogant minority. This empathy declines even more when the minority develops arrogance. This usually has more to do with numerical valuation than with empathising with the world of others. Those who consider others unimportant and see them as nothing more than an extension of their power won't even bother to imagine themselves in the world of others. With one religious exception perhaps. Do or don't arrogants give alms for their own satisfaction or salvation, usually

after death? Are those alms meant to help others or to feel rather good about themselves in their own world? For the arrogant, there are no feelings of guilt, only sins. This has little to do with personal religious feelings; it's a systemic phenomenon. Taking over another's possessions also has nothing to do with empathising with their world. It's simply about taking over the other person's world and, in doing so, reversing or adapting hierarchies. According to Sang and Emmy's reasoning at the time, possession reduces any empathic feeling to nothing more than a balancing act. They argued that an empathic ethic was only possible when no one attached value to a symbol for exchanging possessions, or even thought they needed to possess them. It was false and hypocritical to abuse gods, or God, or the beliefs of others to make them think that possessions are a natural phenomenon.

An empathic Ethical principle as suggested by Sang and my mother in which ownership is a non-issue had advantages. Theft, extortion, kidnapping, and violence to acquire possession became pointless. By no longer assigning credence to certain minerals that could be converted into money, people began to think differently about mining. The false need to possess what someone else has falls away once you can discuss circumstances together and understand what someone else found pleasant, interesting, or beautiful."

To which Dad said: "The Rebuilding on Earth over the next few years after that analysis seemed to indicate that Sang and my grandmother had been looking at the matter from an interesting angle.

The money-based economy disappeared completely in the *Convivialis Civitas* network and that gave the *BringIN* group the possibility of distilling a proposal for a moneyless society from all the hearings. Since 121.55 the sustainability of this project seems assured in the result of the further development given to it by the surviving population groups. The entire project became even more robust when segregation simply for segregation's sake was labeled

meaningless. The experiences gained from dividing people into boxes had contributed to this. *Elysium* Space City was only the most advanced form of it. The physical dismantling of Elysium and the reuse of its materials to build spaceships and then converting those ships again into temporary living units pending further terraforming had symbolic significance. But what greatly supported the idea of Empathic ethics was the fact that no one from the *Convivialis Civitas* network pointed the finger at those who attached importance to *coins.* They only stated that this no longer played a role in their own organisation. The *BringIN* group also met with the accompanying group of the Fund Managers, especially when it came to making individual choices. A non-aggressive attitude was needed to avoid creating paradoxes. In a *Convivialis Civitas* money was no longer a means to an end. Being part of such a group is a personal choice, it means one has no desire to own anything. One uses cooperatively and provides cooperatively."

Grandfather Lev then said: "Throughout the Rebuilding transition period, my mother always wanted to be aware of what was happening in the migrating populations. That's why she followed closely what our group was doing. The *BringIN* group heard and made suggestions regarding the preparation of the next generation of those venturing to Mars and Jupiter's moons."

To which Grandma explained: "Both the absence of money and *Elysium* quickly fostered more cordial relationships between people and between communities, which in turn reinforced the sharing of tools. After the value speculators disappeared, the use value of an object or idea once again became more important than its symbolic value. The working groups Vanderlei was involved with helped to make this point of view more clearly.

That was the main reason why sociologists, economists, and psychologists began working on a global improved Bregman model I spoke of with non-monetary exchange objects. They thought this would be a kind of interim phase in the transition to a moneyless

Civitas. A kind of rollback, in other words. My mother-in-law actively contributed to this. As I said, it seems like on Earth such an interim model was outdated before it was even finished. Our less global but much more sustainable *Convivialis Civitas* benefits more from dialogical than from commercial interaction. A less global and more sustainable organisation emerged."

I was aware how learning became an activity everyone increasingly sought out because no one needed to worry about securing their daily lives. Adults and children increasingly enjoyed studying and developing themselves as they pleased, alternating this with work in the family yard. Stress and aggression due to a 'lack of time' disappeared. Representation, that is, sharing what others and ourselves thought, happened and still happens but for fun. No one needs to be voted to represent. And representation no longer carries any power or privilege. It is done by those who want to hear and want to give their opinion; those who don't want to, get syntheses of everything. Everyone can decide at any time to participate in a working group.

Grandma continued, "Alberto was a few months old when we were able to finally make clear that way of empathetic thinking to the Fund Managers. If money and *coins*, if owning land on Mars gave them their reason for existence and motivated them, then we were happy they were happy as they were.
Meanwhile on earth and during Rebuilding live was going on also in *Bibliopolis*. Ask around among other acquaintances and family members. Gradually, it's your entire generation that's being born, Alberto. I think Wolfgang and David's uncle is even from the same year."

Grandpa said: "We often had to be patient. For *Elysium*-inhabitants who had literally lived in a kind of a cocoon for many years, making such a radical new choice wasn't easy.
Catherine, I well remember the dilemma of your friend Halona's

grandparents. Her father Milo was just one year old when his parents Midas and Nore decided to go to Mars not taking Milo and his two-year-old sister with them. That seems unreal to us today. But they were far from the only ones who left their children behind and went to Mars alone. It was a mix of feelings. There was the choice of parents not to lock their children in a dome again as they themselves had experienced during their childhood combined with their choice as money-loving people who still wanted to acquire assets. The then-young grandparents of Wolfgang's friend Nadia hesitated for a long time. Living without money on Earth seemed an impossible task to them. Until the last moment we discussed the travel plans, assets and locations on Mars, Kiril and Vesela Morshov still intended to leave. But during the negotiations, baby Dusan was born. In their case, the parental bond made them decide they'd rather stay on the moon and further biologically adapt for life on Earth. At the time living in a moneyless Civitas wasn't an option. They assumed a kind of type 2 community on Earth would be somewhat easier than a pioneer life on Mars with a baby, even for a Bloomberg 9."

Grandma mused: "For *Elysians* it was indeed bringing their entire personality into play. Owners came to the conclusion that what they ultimately possessed was a strong faith. In the eyes of Fund Managers that faith had to be rekindled in some of them to give money the status it once had, whether it was metal, paper, numbers, *digits* or *coins*. Especially in recent years, when many were already in Domes 4 and 5 on the Moon preparing for Mars or for Earth, whoever was still in *Elysium* sometimes felt lost. Some simply didn't know how to position themselves anymore. Some wondered if they were going to lose their reason for living. We had a lot to deal with, especially with young people. We often had to stop them from throwing themselves into the empty space and make them realise that there were plenty of choices one can make when staying alive. Once on the moon, people like Kiril and Vesela even tried to

see the advantages of not having money. The belief in money was so ingrained in *Elysium* they simply weren't sure they could handle such a life. Ultimately, they fared quite well. We were able to call them to a learning group with the stated goal of giving them a full understanding of what Convivialis Civitas is like, but without forcing them to anything. There were type 2 communities on Earth that surely would appreciate a Bloomkamp 9 value number.

Still, the vast majority of *Elysium* travelled to Mars or the moons of Jupiter to develop an economy purely based on capital and with that develop their projects with that. The *BringIN* group helped to find people on Earth disposable to support them in the development of their type 1 society. Because, as we already said, they got full support for all their projects as long as they did not try to silence equivafolks of a *Convivialis Civitas* or to act arrogantly towards them."

Grandpa said, "I might come back on the following. My mother used the word *tilting century* when she spoke about the hectoyear 121. I think for myself that within that tilting century are the two years before the Volcanic Winter and the years of the dismantling of *Elysium* were pivotal or *tilting years*. Ultimately, much of what the people of the Three Spots were able to preserve the last years before the catastrophe that left much of the planet uninhabitable, along with everything that the *GNet-Z* groups discussed, formed the basis for many of the communication channels and governing instruments we know today. They are further developments of what was conceived during that period of self-imposed exile including the get-away of the *Bloomcampers* to *Elysium.* That's why I spoke a few days ago about that group of Earthlings, the Illich communities who thought with *GNet-Z* about the *Convivialis Civitates*."

Grandma took over: "It was striking how the *Elysium*-inhabitants who arrived on the Moon were unable to prepare one single meal. They had lived for decades on automated growing stations and pre-

made and packaged food that only required microwaving.
Despina and Hiroka were formidable in inventing very simple group meals that could be prepared together.
Even before the Volcanic Winter, we had learned how important it is to prepare and eat meals together. That's why we increasingly saw it as a teaching technique in the learning groups with children. It wasn't a new idea, of course. But the anthropogogues adopted it again and introduced it in all the learning groups they set up on the moon.
The groups that took in Wandering Ignorants during the Volcanic Winter and the years that followed also found some starting points here there for preparing and eating meals together. In those small surviving groups that sometimes fell back on collecting and hunting, until they reached a *Convivialis Civitas*, there was always someone who could prepare food. But the joy of eating together was often lost in the basic necessity of survival. The *TrC* urged the participants in the Polypolitan Council to consider the importance of meals. The *Common Organisation of Plural learning groups* was given a kind of principle. In every learning group with children and also in every basic learning group with adults, this quickly became the Meal Principle. The Holocene calendar was the first agreement in the *Convivialis Civitas* Network. The Meal Principle was perhaps the second. We don't consider it as a measure. We assumed that a principle could be continually reworked to improve it or adapt it to a local environment."
Mom started laughing: "That's why your father says the year 122.55 was of fundamental importance. Firstly, because I was born that year, and secondly, because quite a bit of doctoring was done on meals back then."
Dad remarks: "Keep laughing! Of course, the most important thing about that year was that you were born, otherwise your daughters wouldn't be walking around here now asking questions to their grandparents…

It's very important to understand that the Meal Principle could only be introduced because no one had to worry about time. You need first to think together about a good mail and then prepare it. No *money*, so no *time is money*. We can't repeat this enough!

Moreover, we are not hunter-gatherers from the era preceding the 122 hectoyears of the Holocene calendar. All *Convivialis Civitas* had sufficient automated production of basic goods fairly quickly. For some, this was already the case before the Volcanic Winter. In our own yards we mainly grow vegetables and fruit, poultry, sometimes rabbits and a goat. Many are not exclusively vegetarian, and no one expects them to be. Meanwhile, we severely limited the breeding of large livestock, simply because we now think about it empathetically and ethologically.

What I've always found a truly wonderful development is how people who are creative with meals in all communities, including here at Bibliopolis, offer so many opportunities to learn new preparations together. Restaurants based on meal sales have, of course, disappeared, but the sharing of creativity in meal preparation has only increased, and is accessible to everyone who wants it.

It's wonderful to see how children enjoy making simple dishes like pancakes with fruit, yogurts, cold egg salads, and so on. As they grow older, they bring more elaborate dishes and tapas to the learning groups. Furthermore, adolescents also begin to enjoy tasting the fruits of their labour together with the adults. Yes, I think that the way the *BringIN* group and the *Convivialis Civitas* network approached the meals provided a solid foundation for everything that came afterward."

Grandpa then said: "On that point, I completely agree with your father. Moreover, that adopted proposal began to influence other matters. The Meal principle was the first principle for which the Polypolitan Council gained worldwide support. It was, of course, a very welcome support for Learning Children and their projects. But

precisely because we are all different, some are more creative with meals. Others are more creative in other activities. What sounds crazy to some is perfectly normal to others. Just listen, my mother often repeated. Encouraging creative people to try out ideas with others suddenly made it easier to reach group agreements within a *Convivialis Civitas* about mutual services. Every community that had something interesting to share or propose to other communities told about it in the *BringIN* working group or directly at the Polypolitan Council. The Council's primary task remains to disseminate proposals. In some cases, other communities wanted more details or further develop a proposal. Ultimately, it was these principles that, thirty years later, allowed the network to evolve into the large, diverse, cosmopolitan entity of Civitas."

"How long has that *BringIN* group been around?" my sister asked.

Grandpa Lev thought for a moment. "The beginning was pretty clear. The group started in 121.46. There isn't really an end. You could say the group was mainly active until the TrC — or was it already the Polypolitan Council — started tinkering the *Dynamic Collective Social Project*. You could also say that the working group regularly reappeared afterward whenever people deemed it useful. You have to understand that working groups were already very informal back then, as they still are today. It was already then appreciated that people who wanted to work on a project together simply informed their respective communities. Working groups don't make decisions on behalf of others. They only make decisions regarding themselves and often propose ideas or provisional solutions to others. That's why it's still important today to clarify the limits of the working groups. But I would say that at least until 121.57 the *BringIN* group continuously existed and made proposals. Later, the most active members as were my mother and her friend Sang or Miguel Márquez in Culturopolis, Wei and Delun in Arqueopolis and Keanu in Perolapolis often contributed with ideas. This was certainly the case until the first draft of the guiding

principles of the *Convivialis Civitas* were generally known.
I'd say the initial group have contributed significantly in particular to the Empathy Principle and the Meal Principle. But the resulting principles as a whole are in a sense drawn on the syntheses of many more people I've never personally known.
An important contribution of the working group to the Empathic principle was the agreement that the Polypolitan Council would gradually propose a physical connection with all *Convivialis Civitas*. As long as new communities are being added, this is, of course, an unfinished project. But when the routes for the fast main connections with Semi-Automated Vehicles (SAV) were established in 121.55, the Civitas equivafolks worldwide reached a compromise not to connect any community directly to such a main connection to avoid the tendency to form hierarchies. An effort was requested from everyone not to consider any Civitas as more important than another. For all existing *Convivialis Civitas* the most ecologically possible connections were provided towards transfer stations on the North-South and West-East axes. These transfer stations were no more than hubs, as in the case of the GAT-ETV interfaces [See book 1 *Imprimatur*]. Work began on adapting the West-East axis that year and the North-South axes were addressed in the following years. Around 121.75, the strategic sections of the SAV were completed including the West-East axis, which connects to ocean ferry services. This was the third global project proposed by the Polypolitan Council. Naturally, this work was highly complex and involved the participation of hundreds of engineers, with the necessary coordination, which was not always easy.
For my own grandmother…"
"Your grandmother Fernanda was still alive?" my sister asked.
"Absolutely. She was eighty-five at the time and in good health, even after spending several years on the moon. She sometimes joked that she couldn't confine the moon's motion in a Rovelli space bubble, but that her stay had still made her younger.

But what made her very happy now was that among the younger generation *Elysians* who had spent time on the moon and restless young Earthlings eager for adventure there was renewed interest in all kinds of propulsion, including the TWIST and the still-slippery WARP displacement. This new generation of space explorers, to which your cousin Wolfgang belongs today, has had continuous contact with members of the legendary Hunt community for the past two generations. They are always on Earth since then and have a mixed Earthly and non-Earthly description of universal mathematics. At the time, there was the idea that travelling within the Milky Way might be possible within the time elapse of a human life. We're not there yet, according to Wolfgang. He is, however, convinced that his son's generation will build a prototype for such displacement. My own grandmother won't live to see it, but the fact that serious work on it started again was, for her, the most wonderful consequence of the evolution from projects based on money, possessions, and power to projects proposed by groups of people who are passionate about it."

I saw my sister lost in thought. I know she'd seriously doubted whether to make the trip to Jupiter with Wolfgang's team, scheduled for next year, but in the end, she decided to stay on Earth. But if what Grandpa told us today was true, I could still see her disappearing into space… Who knows…

Then Grandma said: "Let's go back a little closer to home. Kiril and Vesela arrived in Bibliopolis and were accepted into our group of friends. They brought their own baby Dusan and Iris, a baby given up for adoption to Kiril and Vesela by her parents because they were going to Mars themselves. The other Morshov family members chose Ganymede.

The dismantling of *Elysium* was now complete, and thanks to the great skill of the Lunar engineers, two more ships were ready, a larger one to Ganymede and a slightly smaller one to Mars. All

departing spaceships had Earth or Lunar technicians on board who later on could return to Earth if they desired to do so.
On Mars, only a relatively small group of pioneers was present. The human presence on Ganymede was somewhat larger. The Earthlings who accompanied Elysians to Ganymede weren't just engineers. Anthropogogues also traveled with them. Those were convinced that on Ganymede the action-research principle could be crucial for fraternising with the existing groups of people there, with whom there had been little or no contact since the Volcanic Winter. Although type 1 or type 2 communities were considered, the travellers agreed to avoid arriving as colonists. As a sign of goodwill no one on *Elysium* purchased land titles on Ganymede. Mars on the contrary was almost completely 'sold out'.
After the last spaceships departed, more newborns and young children arrived on Earth. The Takis children were able to settle in Bibliopolis with their foster parents. Ayala being a single mother had taken in Milo. His sister was placed with another host family, Abdul and Sana. The two families agreed to move into a house near each other so the siblings could play together regularly."

"Your daddy was almost three when my mother toyed with the idea of developing some kind of *Theory of Everything* for the human sciences or humanities. She took constructivism as her guiding principle. But my grandmother, who, despite being over eighty years old, was still working with some theoretical physicists, didn't immediately think this was a good idea.
My mother obviously saw that children and adults who are allowed to experiment and dialogue about what they did and observed gradually developed the critical scientific spirit that characterises the residents of *Convivialis Civitas.*
Grandma Fernanda noted such a proposal contains premises, the first of which is that the community builds in an empathetic ethic that explicitly distances itself from possessions and the symbols that

express that possession.
And that rang several bells for her. She knew how in natural science the *Theory of Everything* had become a kind of Holy Grail for many physicists and how many quantum researchers were still struggling with it. She knew a great deal about all the promising mathematical research including the ramifications in which she herself participated. Her specific research had the main focus on better understanding the 'behaviour' of anyons though. Yet, that branch of mathematics also ran into the elusive problem when trying to connect the Standard Model of Cosmology contained in the Space Curvature description conclusively with the Standard Model of Particle Physics contained in the Grand Unified Theory. Even the most promising string theory has, to date, failed to achieve such Theory of Everything for natural science.
Even Loop Quantum Gravity didn't confirm that scientific *Theory of Everything*, at least not initially. Last century, it seemed there had been some kind of breakthrough thanks to the work of researchers like Rovelli and Smolin. But today, research remains stalled. After the first half of hectoyear 120 there was, of course, a period with little or none fundamental research. *Bloomkamp* had severely limited all research funding to immediate applications in near-space and in the weapons, defence, or war industries. These three terms were used interchangeably by autocrats. The chosen term only provided insight into the degree of narcissism of who was speaking.
But my mother was apparently drawn to the humanities. She regularly heard how the groups I was involved in and in which she sometimes participated had some fixed entry points when they guided Ignorants in a learning group or when ex-*Elysium* residents participated in such learning groups.
As anthropogogues generally agreed they had ample evidence that living beings evolved independently they wanted to be cautious about the idea of a *Theory of Everything*. They assumed they had to proceed even more cautiously with theories in the social or human

sciences than in natural sciences. History had already shown repeatedly how theories can quickly raise new doubts. And in human sciences more than in natural sciences false premises can have very disastrous side effects on people.
The alarm bell that rang for my grandmother had to do with the observation that up until then no framework in itself led to unification. Parameters had always to be set in advance or boundaries had to be established. And that was is even clearer in my mother's idea for a *Theory of Everything* in human sciences. If one has to introduce the moneyless society beforehand in the theory one can hardly call it a *Theory of Everything*. By pre-setting parameters one falls back on any of the sociological-anthropological propositions that can be derived from the ignarometric framework. And that was exactly what my mother would do many years later."

Grandmother Sara told us that whoever of *Elysium* who had moved to Bibliopolis, met regularly. They were not the only ones in joining among friends of course and they were completely free to do so. These and other meetings were occasionally discussed in the respective study groups. Had the ex-*Elysium* residents really shake off their belief in ownership? It certainly seemed to work with the younger children, who, in their own learning groups, gained extensive experience with the ecological benefits of collective tool use, from the simplest screwdriver to the most complex travel vehicles.
During those meetings, stronger friendships gradually developed between Milo Takis who stayed with Ayala, his sister who lived with Abdul and Sana, their own son Hachim, but also with the children of the Cheboi family. The latter had never knew *Elysium* but they knew their grandparents' stories about life in a *Bloomcamp* condominium. And they would then talk about those meetings with our families when we had Amadu, Diya, and Zanaibu visiting or when the Zoungranas and the Chebois came to make lunch

together. We soon understood that the Takis families had previously been connected to the Muscle Fund and Ayala's family to the Brandad Fund. They needed to talk about their lives, both with Equivafolks who had always lived on Earth as with those who had stayed in *Elysium* or on the Moon.

My father said then: "I think it was very important for my grandmother when the *BringIN* group suggested not to work out a *Theory* but to try to understand what the proposals could be for a set of principles that could lead to a *Dynamic Collective Society Project.* The term 'Dynamic' was the most important in this context. You don't simply throw principles overboard and replace them with something else, but they must always remain open to discussion. That seemed like a good challenge for Sang and my grandmother. According to them there was already something like the Empathic and the Meal Principles. They brought up this idea with the *Tropic Communities* or at the Polypolitan Council. The Council was attended by equivafolks who had continued to work on the electronic intelligence that brought the Habermas Machine to life. They were thinking primarily of information to which biological brains often react emotionally. In some cases, this could harm the pluralism contained in the Empathy principle. Could the interaction between electronic intelligence and biological intelligence provide an open view of human actions, thereby helping people to continue to feel good about themselves in *Convivialis Civitas?* That might have been a different approach rather than some kind of educational theory. Could one thus avoid the danger of no longer knowing whether one was teaching or manipulating at a given moment? Years later, when we found letters in the Paulo Demeester Library between Inês Legendre and Alberto Campos about the emotional functioning of the biological brain and the way in which *machine learning* helped to develop self-learning devices, I suddenly thought back to that. Sadly I never got to talk to my grandmother

about it. I discovered those letters around the same time my grandmother passed away."

Grandma Sara heard my Dad's last observations and said, "Don't confuse your daughters. We're talking about the time when you weren't even six. And you're already talking about the time when you and your father went making holes in the frozen ground of the Megalissipo."

My mom laughed: "Yes, Alberto is very good at making strange mental leaps. Would you do us the favour of taking us back to the moment we are referring to?"
Grandma mused, "I wasn't even thirty years old. Your brother Ondjoy was just born. Later, I learned that Kendi and Paula also had a second child as Erika was born there.
But girls, your father was never easy to keep inside. At five, he rode a bike and raced all over the neighbourhood. He was like a house cat with a fixed sleeping place but going around for food on families throughout the neighbourhood. Your grandfather was more at ease than I was. 'Let him ride around,' he said, 'it's a fantastic way to look at different interpretations of *CC Bibliopolis* and to experience it firsthand'. All we did was make sure that whenever Alberto went somewhere, he always had a small contributions for the meals. His bike bag always contained fruits and vegetables and at that age he already often went along to pick some from the yard. According to Lev through this constant go-arounds your father began his learning curve in the social construction of reality. I think that constantly being away from home is what gave him this way of thinking, where he often seems to jump from topic to topic when he thinks about something, sometimes using very strange metaphors."

We all laughed when we heard Grandma talk about her son like that. My father's childhood took place during the years when Bibliopolis was developing as a town in Central Alkebulan. He describes himself as an anthropogogue and perhaps more a

pedagogue but he nevertheless gained sociological authority regarding the interpretation of myth and belief exactly through his vision of the social construction of reality. The fact that he lived in Bibliopolis and that Grandma Sara and Grandpa Lev were his parents played a role in this of course. Today my father sometimes talks about what can be decisive in learning communities. He himself often considered constructivism, but he never showed any enthusiasm for that idea of a *Theory of Everything* in human sciences. He was glad his grandmother didn't pursue the idea further on a later age.
Meanwhile many readers will probably relive their own childhoods of biking around as he did.

Grandma continued: "How do you observe what can be considered as being true within the scope of natural reality and within that of social reality. Alberto learned just like the other children who gradually explore their the environment. That reveals that what seems true sometimes is not. The most obvious of course is that the movements of the sun and the earth aren't what we seem to observe at first. And as is often the case it seemed easier to understand some natural phenomena by experimenting with them and talking about them. In the past this was often not permitted but today it's commonplace. But even now, children continue to see the world for a while with their own interpretation of reality. To Alberto and his sister's great dismay they soon discovered that talking ponies or unicorns weren't to be found in nature. Olívia understood when she was about ten years old that humans and dinosaurs belonged to different eras and that this could be scientifically proven. Alberto wasn't yet convinced at that time men did never ride on the back of some dinosaur…
And in connection with social agreements? That, I think, was the weak point in my mother-in-law's whole reasoning regarding a *Theory of Everything* specifically for the humanities. Are there

absolute truths in the social? Or is there only, in a given social context, a collective appreciation for a certain attitude that could possibly be described as a local culture? Can a local culture be an absolute truth? Empathy is certainly a collective appreciation within the *Convivialis Civitas* network. But in my opinion, that's a construct, not a given. We believe we've succeeded in integrating into our educational model the idea of interacting with those who don't think like us. We are constantly mindful of pushing back against attempts of dualism or Manichaeism. Dualism is an even more sensitive matter in the humanities than in the natural sciences.

In the latter case, we can only try to understand the phenomenon; we cannot truly influence it.

In the former case, by understanding, we also seem to want to influence all others to act as we do. We succeeded to do so in the possessive world often with disastrous consequences. Eugenics, condemn and murder people as a result of a racial theory or theories about species and gender, you name it, we had it. Are we less likely to exert unwanted influence with the Habermas Machine? And what constitutes unwanted influence? It was perhaps a sound proposal from the Polypolitan Council to suggest to work on the *Dynamic Collective Society Project* based on principles and not theories."

"If I hear you correctly, the first ten years after the dismantling of *Elysium* were busy years after all?" I asked in an attempt to bring back some chronology into the story of my parents and grandparents.

Then my mother said "They certainly were. I know the story of my grandparents' journey when the rich already lived high in the sky. I know how my father Chaytan got his name. They finally arrived in *Paradise of Books* and not long after that our family suddenly went to the moon. Many equivafolks who were in a *Convivialis Civitas*

ended up there. But even many who did end up there before the Volcanic Winter broke out, consciously or unconsciously, remained on Earth. Many others died. More than one volcanic eruption wiped out entire *Convivialis Civitas* let us not forget that. However you look at it, the arrogance of many *Bloomcampers* is and remains the cause of the extermination of more than half the human population and many animal species. I'm not saying this out of a desire for revenge. It's part of our shared history, and we must be able to talk about it. Preferably for a long time. Then who went to the Moon came back around 121.45. Wanderers and Ignorants continued to migrate into existing communities. *Convivialis Civitas* were generally very busy starting new study groups. If you look at the notes of those who participated in the Polypolitan Council at that time, that much becomes clear.

But a new trend also emerged. Some learning groups decided to establish new communities. They were supported in this process as much as possible. New settlements sprang up in both Alkebulan and Abya Yala, asking for help to build a branch to main SAV axes. The Polypolitan Council frequently forwarded requests at the time, as a young community sought technicians and engineers to help construct such branches. Twenty years after the dismantling of *Elysium* such requests quickly diminished."

Grandpa continued: "My grandmother remained very active, as I mentioned. She was 87 when the growing search for 'adventure' beyond Earth really started to be addressed. At Bibliopolis Faisal Chakma and Aldo Fox asked my grandmother if she would consult her network of contacts and their descendants, but they also wanted to get in contact with new working groups of surviving *Elysium*-residents at the lunar community and the tropic communities to exchange ideas. They were considering more in-depth space exploration. My grandmother wasn't of course developing anything new at that age but nevertheless she helped to establish the

necessary contacts with that special mathematics community which still claimed to understand a partly terrestrial partly non-terrestrial mathematics. My grandmother who had always greatly admired the technical prowess of Aldo Fox and the brilliant minds of the Chakma family encouraged Faisal to interact with the mathematicians of that community and to attract other interested parties. As I mentioned, Wolfgang's group's expedition will in principle reap the benefits of this next year, but according to that same group much more is in the pipeline. We won't discuss that now, because I can see my granddaughter getting restless again because we're not respecting the chronology."

"Well, with so many exciting things, it's pretty normal that we start talking about the past and end on today or in the future," Dad said. "Catherine, darling, you can always cut and rearrange when you start writing!"

Grandpa laughed. "I'll give you some chronological information now," he soothed. "In 121.60 my mother's friend Sang passed away. They were still involved with the *Dynamic Collective Society Project* and my mother needed help.

I was 33 at the time, and our friends Vanderlei, Raja, Despina, and Hiroka were looking with Grandma, Sara and myself looking for new projects. For the time being, we were unable to maintain much contact with the *Elysium*-migrants who had long since arrived on Mars and the moons of Jupiter. We expected the Earth engineers still on Mars to be back only in a couple of years. Recorded messages were occasionally exchanged with Ganymede. A normal conversation was unrealistic given the distance. We knew some Earth engineers doubted they would return. Meanwhile, your father and aunt were in a learning group with Moana and Binh Pham, who were a bit older, and with Idrissa and Kaira, yes, now that is 'your' Dulan's mother, Liberty.

But, as I said, we were looking for interesting projects and we

thought it would be a good idea to contribute to the synthesis of the *Dynamic Collective Society Project.*

Raja was very interested in the old economic rules people had been adapting for decades during last two hectoyears. Within the capitalist model real ownership increasingly shifted to virtual ownership, expressed in stock market shares, bank account numbers, and computer-generated values. He was interested in the creativity of those whose sole selfish goal was to enrich themselves and repeatedly felt the necessity to demonstrate in public they possessed more than before.

We, for our part, primarily tried to understand the arrogant human actions as the driving force behind organising wars and slaughter among ourselves. We assumed that slaughtering each other for possession was perhaps nothing more than a kind of pathological extrapolation of signals used in the animal kingdom related to hunting grounds.

According to ethologists, many predators tend to indicate the places where they normally hunt for food to 'intruders' of the same species. Furthermore, during the last two hectoyears before the Volcanic Winter, ethologists often discussed social groups with a local culture organising themselves to pass that culture on to the next generations. It was, and still is, not always exactly clear how this works, and it sometimes seems that a local culture binds certain individuals to that location. It is also unclear why demonstrating a food territory would follow the same pattern as aggression toward conspecifics when, for example, taking for property pastures and land for livestock farming. The demarcating bear takes nothing. He only warns his fellow species that he is around here and prefers to others from the same species leave him alone, perhaps with an exception for a female during the mating season.

There's this need for males and females to introduce themselves to each other. On the one hand some ethologists and biologists still connect the struggle between what they call 'alpha' animals for

females, especially in herds or social mammals with war scenarios. There are just as many who argue that one can't draw a direct link between the biological drive for the sexual transmission of genetic material and the gathering of large groups of primarily male human individuals who take it upon themselves to kill each other in the name of someone or something. In this case, it's not about proving that one is genetically there. It's about a cultural form of aggression where one hopes to gain an advantage by serving whoever claims to be the ruler of this or that area, and moreover, the only true and proclaimed faith. Your father calls them followers of the *loudmouths*.

The systematic organisation of acts of war between kings and their vassals, later between kings and subjects, and still later between elected leaders, their followers, electors, or mercenaries, is always connected to the human cultural aspect of giving an absolute value to what was at first simply a medium of exchange, a thought, or a form of action of a given group.

Some historians point to the dangers of classical historiography. It is almost always written by those who lived among the victors. For them, the vanquished were, of course, the wretches who deserved nothing better than being forced to work as slaves. The bravest among them were even allowed to kill for amusement or serve as hired killers in the circus or the army. Despina often reiterated that researchers in the humanities were not thinking sufficiently *out of de box*.

As you know, I often use the image of thinking and acting from the margins rather than from the mainstream.

In human activities people often and willingly revisit myths from the past. Writers do this when they borrow the Cyclopes, Adamastor, and Mostrengo as metaphors from each other. But researchers in human sciences also pick up myths. Why did Sigmund Freud use the myth of Oedipus to explain the sexually fantasised bond between boys and their mothers, while Jung used

the myth of Electra to explain the girl-father bond?

In the Greek myths, Oedipus and Electra did not undergo psychoanalysis, but many centuries later, those myths remained attached to psychoanalysis in what came to be called an aspect of the human sciences.

Economists, historians, and others interested in human development often interpreted differently the concept of evolution than biologists, especially before the Rebuilding. For biologists, evolution was adaptation to something else; for researchers in the humanities, evolution too often meant a progression from worse to better. Perhaps that was the blindness of the wealthy inhabitants of *Bloomcamp*. They remained dogmatically convinced that the capitalist model would lead humanity from worse to better. That's why many became so easily enraged by anyone who, cautiously or less cautiously, questioned this.

In smaller groups, empathy and altruism were much more evident than in massive groups. Already before Rebuilding, and even more today, many historians had serious doubts primitive (there's that word again) wars, and groups attacking each other in the Palaeolithic. It took a very long time for the hypothesis that alongside the one that Sapiens exterminated Neanderthalis also emerged the one that Neanderthalis might simply have merged with Sapiens partly due to genetic mixing in both directions.

Meanwhile heraldic history has been hard to erase from the imagination. From Palaeolithic massacres to the massacres of the great empires in Zone 1 then to global wars of kings, emperors, and states, and finally to wars with nuclear weapons. From bad to better?

I'm not saying one hypothesis is wrong and the other right. I'm just saying that we'd better not make any dogma out of any hypothesis. Our group *Simple Problem Solvers* with Vanderlei as a key figure in this often tried to see things from a simpler perspective, simply to help him see the tree for the forest, to use the expression the other

way round. The transition period to settlements likely began when major construction projects began. It could also have signified the transition from used goods to possessed goods which then had to be protected. But what do we know more than that it was a period of great human unrest? And to what extent did this possession and the protection, whether enforced or not, influence the increase in aggression among fellow humans?

Moreover as soon as we enter from prehistory to history myth writers were very adept at exploiting unexplained natural phenomena. As long as the unexplained was not studied by researchers and scientists, it wasn't very difficult to implement even violent rituals to '*appease the gods*'. While there have likely always been individuals who experience morbid pleasure in witnessing the suffering of others, ignorance was the primary motivation for deadly rituals to make invisible spirits more peaceful. By the time spirits lost their spiritual status and their actions could be scientifically explained, a significant group of exorcists had risen to prominence in the hierarchy. They became very creative in creating strict rules to be followed and inventing miracles, primarily to further exploit the ignorance that had always guaranteed their power over others.

It is in that sense that the *Simple Problem Solvers* kept urging my grandmother to cooperate for describing some emerging principles that proved useful in evolving the *Convivialis Civitas* as non-aggressive communities rather than seeking a *Theory of Everything* for the humanities.

In later years we read how one of Catherine Demeester's friends once spoke of Cultural Intermediate Spaces when referring to the place where learners meet. I think the idea of viewing the learning group classrooms as a socialising space was a very interesting one in the twentieth and twenty-first centuries. If the learning group isn't an instructional school group controlled by some arrogant power, then such a group can serve as a shelter for equivafolks who

are learning to think pluralistically. It's also a resource for stimulating the curiosity of individual children among themselves. We see this very clearly today. We considered it in the type of settings for the education of your parents, and also in those for your own learning groups. Even before the Volcanic Winter, there were local initiatives in this sense. Today, we know a little more about how some of our ancestors devised interesting forms of education even within a world of power and property. But I would say that your parents' generation and your own generation just about everywhere in a *Convivialis Civitas* could reap the benefits of the *BringIN*-syntheses related to learning groups. Empathy as well as preparing and eating meals together are two important characteristics of cosmopolitanism and ethics. Gradually other elements emerged the *BringIN* group thought it could be useful to incorporate into some kind of principle."

"Before you go any further, Lev." Grandma interrupted my grandfather. "Zanaibu, her partner, and their children are here to spend part of the day with us."
"Then we'll talk about the emerging principles later," Grandpa agreed. "Good friends, come on in. How are you all doing? And what tasty treats are you bringing?"

Zanaibu came in laughing and hugged my sister. "Liberty, I'm glad to see you here too. I heard from Alberto that your sister is recording conversations with his father for our saga project, but I didn't know you were involved in this too.
Lev, I brought vegetables, eggs, and goat cheese. I made the cheese myself. I recently visited one of those creative people at the lake near the Fernando Pessoa hub. He tried out some new salads with me. If you're interested I can reproduce some…
And we're all fine. My partner here is just a little worried since he learned our eldest daughter is part of the team leaving for Jupiter next year, but Wolfgang assures him that such a trip is very safe

these days."

When we were sitting at the table about an hour later, Grandpa said something about our conversations and then observed: "Zanaibu, we are just talking about the years when I was working with your parents, the *Simple Problem Solvers* and my mother. Wasn't that during that period when Bloomkamp and former *Elysium*-inhabitants sometimes meet with your parents or Abdul and Sana? Would you like to say something about that? Or should I ask Amadu about it?"
Zanaibu laughed and said: "what time period are you in? In the sixties of last hectoyear, yes?… I wasn't even ten then... I only remember that I used to play with Hachim, Dusan, Iris, Milo, and his sister. If you want details, you'll probably have to talk to my father. As you know, he stayed in *Paradise* when your family went to the moon. Grandpa Denzel was also born in *Paradise* just like your father, Lev. But Grandpa Denzel once talked about a seaplane that his family brought when they came to *Paradise*. Someone who knows about this well and might be able to tell you more about is Kwame Zoungrana. But you know that yourself, Lev."

"Is Kwame from your grandmother Fernanda's generation, Grandpa?" I asked.
Zanaibu replied in his place: "Yes, that is correct. The stories of Kwame, of which Simba recorded many and left them for safekeeping at the Central Library, are perhaps more suitable for the part that Lev and Maria are preparing [See part 11 *Paradise of books*]."
"We'll talk about that later, Lev. But I'd also like to hear what you remember about those meetings," said my Mom, looking at Zanaibu.
She looked at her friend: "Very little. I remember that Dusan's parents, Kiril and Vesela, sometimes had a bit of a hard time adjusting here in Bibliopolis. Sometimes they felt a kind of

homesickness for *Elysium* and especially for the packaged food. Not because it was tasty. They all had their stories about tasteless food. But they didn't have to do anything to eat. Simply microwave a packaged item. Growing one's own vegetables, fruit, and poultry involves a lot of work. I remember very little about mother Ayala. At a certain moment Milo was more at Hachim's than at his, because his sister also lived with them.

I do remember that mama Ayala often reminded Kiril how they were often harassed at parties as young people at *Elysium*. This was because they didn't wear the right clothes, or didn't comb their hair properly, or didn't say the right words at the right time. Sometimes they were bullied just because someone wanted to bully. And the adults didn't bother with them much. If you could take mama Ayala at her word *Elysium* wasn't exactly a pleasant place during their childhood.

I vaguely remember a story my father told about an escape from Vineland to Culturopolis. It was commented a lot because it was the case of the daughter of a Bloomberg 11-value number! I don't remember exactly how the story went, but it basically involved she did not agreed in moving to *Elysium* and to leave things as they were on Earth."

Then Grandpa said: "When I was ten years old, that was the biggest argument I ever had with my grandmother. She absolutely wanted to go to the moon years later, and I didn't want that. It seemed to me she did exactly the same Bloomcampers did some 40 years before. To me my friends were the lucky bastards. Your father and Idrissa's parents couldn't be convinced to leave *Paradise*. Today I understand why they wanted to stay. In your family's case, it had given up almost everything. If I remember correctly, your ancestor Dakari, who brought the family here, was an important figure in *Bloomkamp*. The Zoungranas, on the other hand, are descending from the group that shaped *Paradise* more or less at the beginning of last hectoyear."

“Yes, I know. I’ve read a bit about our own family tree,” Zanaibu continues. “What our parents were in complete agreement about was that they would no longer be able to return to a life based on possessions. My parents had, of course, already developed projects as children in what were then called Charter Groups. But Kiril, Vesela, Abdul, Sana, and mama Ayala were young adults when they first came into contact with an Earth learning group, during their biologic adjustment period on the Moon. Furthermore, Milo and his sister had a pretty hard time their whole young lives with the fact that their parents left them with foster parents and simply disappeared to Mars. Milo was afraid he’d hear about them when you went to Mars with Wolfgang, Liberty, and he was glad no one brought up Takis descendants on Mars. He’ll rather never hear anything about them again. Iris is more relaxed. But at the end she has accepted Abdul and Sana as her real parents.
The adults talked more often about *Elysium* and *Bloomcamp*. Sometimes the Fund Managers were mentioned. But I remember little about the conversations.
If I understood Liberty correctly, their descendants are now, about fifty years later, the rulers of Mars. It gives me the creeps, look.”

My mother thought for a moment and then said, “Was that not your learning group visiting former owners here in *Paradise* to try to understand what *possess* and *digits* actually ment. When you talked about this afterwards, a kind of video game played in my head, usually with dramatic consequences for those not possessing *digits*,” she laughed. “I remember I was thrilled that my ancestors had escaped in time from the Megapolis where they lived, and that my grandparents had found the right traveling companions just in time when Dad was born… And of course, I’m very happy that they also got in touch with your family. That’s how I met Alberto later…”
Grandma Sara looked at my mom and said, “Yes, those study groups where we interviewed others were always very interesting. Even on

the Moon…"
Then she winks at Catherine. "And apparently, there's someone who still finds it interesting interviewing elder people…"
"Younger and older children and grandchildren, I would say," I agreed with a laugh.

"Grandpa, can you tell us more now about the principles you were talking about earlier? In the meantime, we are in?"
"In 121.61. I remember it well because we wanted a gift to my mother's generation. She herself turned 60 that year. The collections of experiences compiled by the *BringIN* group led to more syntheses that, in addition to the Empathic Principle and the Meal Principle, suggested four more principles: the Circulation, the Sharing, the Heterogeneity, and the Ecosystemic ones. Despina and Vanderlei, in particular, worked on these summaries. Raja constantly analysed the historical economics side and Hiroka did his best to keep the summaries simple, as Vanderlei likes.
First, then, the Circulation Principle. We could also call it the Migration Principle. Wanderers and Ignorants over 70 or 80 years old had at the time still plenty of stories about how movement between districts was governed by all sorts of rules. The most common rule was that you were simply sent back to your district of origin for anything and everything as soon as the administrators found a reason that was often just a fallacy. Moreover one ran the real risk of falling under the thumb of an arrogant militia leader somewhere outside the Poleis.
According to Raja, this was mainly due to outdated concepts such as labor market, employer, employee, boss, slave, oppressor, oppressed. You have to try to imagine that with the disappearance of personal property and with the raising of the principle of sharing, which I will discuss ahead, many structures became otiose. Control structures from the time when producers had to give part of their products to those who claimed to protect them had developed into

sometimes very complex tax systems. In what were called democratic regimes, depending on the type of regime, this also included civil service management, goods management, and social security. When all of that began to collapse as the wealthy shielded themselves and eventually went to *Elysium* the border control as known to kings and elected leaders of the past became increasingly futile. The only wealthy people still defended was bare possession, often through bloody means. The economic history group Raja integrated in the humanities section of the Central Library has many fascinating texts from that period.

What does all this have to do with Circulation? Well, until shortly before the complete economic collapse around the time of the Volcanic Winter, Poleis inhabitants had to sell their labour to have money and later of *digits* at their disposal. Depending on the little they were paid, many tried to move to better-paying employers elsewhere. They often secretly run away to pop up with their children in an other country and later in another Megapolis. The State Border and later the Polis Border protection were primarily used to prevent such movements. Restrictions against the rich were rare, those against the poor were legion. Keeping the poor ignorant could be a way to keep them in the same place. Real and imagined images of horror were painted of what could happen to someone who moved illegally.

Of course, no one moves for economic reasons anymore these days, and less and less for recreational reasons. *Convivialis Civitas* equivafolks live without being pressured by time, simply because they don't accumulate possessions and because everyone is used to sharing. The artificial economic or consumerist urge to travel simply disappeared. The Circulation Principle thus establishes that anyone who wants to do so, can move without any problem. Migration can be for any project that interests anyone. Everyone can simply use the semi-automatic means of travel, both on land and at sea. It's perhaps funny that, due to the disappearance of '*time*

is money' flying on Earth is almost non-existent. East-West SAV connections are made by *Sail-and-solar vessels.* Almost all aeronautical production has been converted to space travel production since around the turn of the hectoyear 121 to 122, when interest in space travel to more distant locations rapidly began to grow.
In short: It's a bit of a paradox. By removing the pressure to travel whether for work or leisure, anyone who wants to can now easily go wherever they want but there are less travellers. One of these days, I'll be talking about Dusan and Lupe."
"Nadia's parents?" Liberty asked.
"And her twin sister, yes."

I interrupted them. "Don't start mixing up the past and the present again. In 121.61, Lupe was six or seven, right? According to Nadia, her grandparents still lived in Arqueopolis at the time and didn't move to Bibliopolis until two years later."

Grandpa laughed. "Okay, okay, the Sharing Principle. But one more thing. You understand that the principles are strongly connected. This is mainly because they are based on the worldwide experiences of a huge group of people and the gathering done by the *BringIN* group. Anthropogogues made preparing and eating meals a principle when they recognised its enormous historical and social coherence. It showed how Ignorants, Wanderers, and even those made arrogant by ignorance all belong to the same species.
That's why some people connect the Sharing Principle with the Meal Principle. The underlying actions are recognisable. Groups of people bring ingredients, whether or not based on agreements. It's about sharing, not exchanging. I'm not giving something in return. No, I bring something; we share and use what we brought for the project we're working on.
This is essential. Exchange easily leads to valuation, to ensure 'correct' exchanges. Valuation leads to a unit of reference, currency

and money. When we share together, there is no need for valuation in the sense of a comparison between goods. We contribute to the end result with what we have available in terms of things and skills. As an engineer, as a researcher, as a geologist, as a miner, as a chemist, as a physician, as a community, and so on. You could almost speak of a structural link between the Meal Principle and the Sharing Principle. The Meal Principle clarifies the Sharing Principle for all activities during the Rebuilding by *Convivialis Civitas.* We rely on the principle of sharing to gather what we need for a personal or group project, and we have no interest in providing ourselves with what we don't need just for the sake of having it. Possession is pointless, so exchange is pointless. I repeat. It's pointless to personally dispose of what we don't need for our projects, including the one in how we want to live our personal lives. No need to exchange means. Today we know and agree that nothing on the planet needs to be owned. It is used or processed based on mutual agreement. Sharing is simple at a local level. All durable goods, such as houses, are for temporary use. Everyone can make agreements with others to switch from one house based on need, for more or less space, or for any other reason. The Czechs called this kind of sometimes consecutive actions *Kulový blesk* in a strange type 2 society in hectoyear 119, when everyone was in their case effectively bartering because no one really had any money. Today every *Convivialis Civitas* has several guesthouses disposable and also maintains a small reserve of vacant houses. Each community has automated projects for the local production of basic foods. Autonomous farms also handle deliveries. A basic package of products that are difficult to grow at home, such as grains, is delivered weekly to each occupied house via the GAT-ETV network. This package could quickly incorporate personal wishes if naturally available in that region. There is no single raw material, object, or idea to which the community attaches a comparative monetary value. Everything can simply be shared. When we tried to formulate

the Sharing Principle, some people initially thought it would be very difficult to explain the difference between bartering and sharing in learning groups, but that was striking *simple* to use Vanderlei's filler word.

"Great, the Heterogeneity Principle then," I continued.
"Heterogeneity. Cosmologists speak of increasing entropy in the universe and often equate the dying of the universe with becoming thermodynamic homogeneous.
In our Earthly *Convivialis Civitas* network, we ensured that we learned to appreciate the heterogeneity among living beings. On the one hand, examples included in our Empathic Principle quickly showed how representative democracy fails when it increasingly relies arrogantly on majority decisions (that is points of view turned homogeneous for a certain group). On the other hand the Principle showed, if you have enough time, coordinating work can be derived quite easily from a well-established consultative global network. Since the Rebuilding, many new *Convivialis Civitas* and those who have often helped existing communities develop. It is believed that a balance has been found between the size of such a community and ensuring the necessary heterogeneity to minimise the number of tasks required for the well-being of the community and volunteer work. There is therefore a connection between the Empathic Principle, the Heterogeneity Principle and the Cooperative Principle. Anthropogogues had already noted this but now many are observing that time and again in communities. The more heterogeneity in all aspects of our species' genetic diversity there is in a given community or group of communities, the easier it becomes for the Cooperative and Sharing Principles to fully develop. This immediately makes the life of such a community more pleasant and convivial. Embracing natural heterogeneity has almost become a human urge on Earth today. This is diametrically opposed to the culturally encouraged drive for homogeneity by

those who want to make the state, dogma, myth, or whatever the case is, the same for everyone imprisoned in a race through a programmed instruction that was also made the same for everyone. Who until the Volcanic Winter did not homogenised was considered a looser… my apologies for that negative assessment of certain late-120-hectoyear phenomena my grandmother often suffered from."

"Perhaps you can end this part of our conversation with the reason to derive an Ecosystemic principle from the observations of *BringIN*," my father suggested.

"I can do that," said Grandpa. "This principle may simply be a consequence of all the observed behaviours over the years brought together. My mother liked it very much, again because once again it was quite *simple*.

Look, based on the Empathic Principle respect was showed towards al surviving ignorants in the Rebuilding Phase. So we decided not to interfere with hunting and fishing. Moreover, in a community where no one wants to own or sell there's no significant risk of overfishing or hunting abuse. However most *Civitas* opted for a *Convivialis Civitas* agreement to hunt without firearms. Gradually, hunting for trophies also disappeared as a result of conversation in learning groups. What else is a trophy than just a kind of meaningless piece owned by a possible skilful hunter. Authority is gained by the act of hunting, not by the possession of trophies. This perception quickly improved the ecological balance within the habitable zone. We also continue to breed from animal muscle tissue in small, automated breeding centers. Keeping enormous herds was a major ecological problem before the Volcanic Winter. New grazing lands often resulted in deforestation. That is now off the table.

Now that there's no other individual transport than bicycles or electric bicycles, and no longer any systems are needed to maintain

a capital-based market economy, even less energy is needed than during the era of districted Megapoleis. Moreover, the Earth's production is now almost entirely based on solar and wind energy, simply because there are virtually no fossil fuels left.
Building machinery to make our *Convivialis Civitas* lasting, pleasant living environments is fuelling many new projects to explore how biological human intelligence and man-made electronic intelligence can work together harmoniously. The tested and reliable automated systems each community has for maintaining its fleet of Electric Transport Vehicles (ETVs) are a prime example. Centralised automated assembly plants exist for the ETVs, the ground-level automated trains (GATs) and the SAVs. These are also maintained locally under robotic supervision.
All in all, it became quite easy to incorporate the interaction between place and living beings into the Ecosystemic Principle. Ethologists often assisted in this process by analysing earlier rather anthropomorphic explanations for plant and animal behaviour and helping to eliminate any hastily drawn, harmful conclusions.
I think it is important to point out that even after the Rebuilding the world population continues to stabilise at around three billion individuals.
Sorry Catherine, I'm now just connecting the past, the present, and perhaps even the future. It might seem that the Ecosystemic Principle is a kind of corollary of the observation that the widespread destruction of ecosystems is a consequence of overpopulation and the resulting pandemic diseases. Even after having witnessed the deliberated murderous acts of psychopaths blinded by the desire to possess and therefore having completely wiped out certain regions, the concentration and overpopulation of one species in one place remains a dire warning from nature.."

There was silence for a while. "Six principles then…" Liberty then concluded. "But we often talk about the nine principles of the

Convivialis Civitas."
"Just wait a bit," laughed Grandpa, "or your sister will get the chronology mixed up again… The other three didn't come up until a few years later."
Then Aunt Olívia said: "Dad, you spoke earlier about that attempt at systematic processing of what the *BringIN* group collected to be some kind of a birthday present for grandmother and her generation.
That reminds me of the ignarometric interpretation of societal models. We often used the word *utopia* in those performances. One day we were playing in Central Park. I must have been about thirteen or fourteen at the time, and Alberto was about ten. He was watching a flock of birds take off again and again because a boy was following behind him, and he said: '*Look at that little boy, what a beautiful way to explain to us the essence of utopia'* Grandma Emmy looked at him in surprise and said that a utopia is indeed something we walk towards without ever really grasping it. Perhaps she herself wanted something finite and that is why she held on to the idea of a *Theory of Everything* in social sciences and therein develop the principles for a *Convivialis Civitas* it in a certain sense. Did she want to use mathematical equations to achieve predictable certainty in the ignarometric framework?"
Grandpa looks up in surprise: "Now you're bringing up something! You see, my mother had enormous admiration for her mother and the mathematics she had developed. She knew, of course, that theoretical physicists were still searching for a conclusive *Theory of Everything* to interconnect all natural forces and how the mathematics for it continues to elude them, perhaps because of the way it was formalised by humans on Earth.
Let me make a metaphorical link. Perhaps the uncertainty principle that Heidelberg calculated for the natural sciences is equally or even more present in the human sciences."
"Her mother… that's your grandmother Fernanda. Was she still

alive then? She was certainly very old by then?" I asked.
"Yes, she had often to flee during her life, but reached the age of 95. When she died, her twin sister, my great-aunt, received messages of condolence from many *Convivialis Civitas* including all lunar bases. She herself had lost her husband Elton a year earlier and she was having a very hard time after also loosing her sister.
A few weeks after my grandmother's death, a spaceship returned from Ganymede. The first message caused a general surprise. We then learned that all Earth engineers still living there wanted to stay there. The second message was supposed to have been for my grandmother. But it delighted her entire family of mathematical 'descendants'. The ship's pilot explained that the TWIST-propulsion originating the Rovelli Space-bubbles was indeed fully operational. Interest in mathematics and physics increased again. There was renewed enthusiasm among young researchers to dedicate themselves to further unravel the properties of the still sometimes somewhat mysterious anyons. Recently they suspected a new breakthrough in this field could also benefit the Habermas Machine thanks to improved quantum data processing.
For your information: a few months later, great-aunt Joana also passed away shortly after achieving 96."

"Grandma, I read somewhere that you spent a lot of time on anthropogogy, and especially on pedagogy. Dad was still in a learning group where you also provided guidance, right?"
"Yes, but actually that had more to do with another idea of my mother-in-law's. Emmy often read stories to the children in the learning groups. She thought that children's books printed on paper had much richer images than the electronic facsimiles that we usually had. Children's books printed on paper were quite rare. Usually they could only be shown in the libraries of the *Civitas*. And some of those libraries had a very limited collection. Emmy spoke increasingly with a group of pedagogues, including names like

Meava Southpath, Delun Huáng, and Miguel Márquez. Miguel was immediately enthusiastic about reprinting children's books and began searching for illustrators willing to make adaptations or create and draw new illustrations that would captivate children. That's why we approached Paula Pax, who had many original ideas for new children's books. She herself was eager to incorporate the various principles of children's stories so they could be used by learning groups and readers.
We soon contacted the Polypolitan Council to find out if there was any paper available and if printers were interested to participate in our children's book project. Our autonomy was discussed, and a few months later, we knew which books and languages we would tackle. We agreed on where the master copies with the new drawings would be stored and how the libraries could access the paper editions. We were working hard on a new enrichment of children's literature. But this made us realise for the first time that printed copies of books still held great cultural significance also for adults. Until then we focussed solely on digital dissemination of documents. Within the Polypolitan Council, we did, however, consider how we could carefully manage paper reserves...," Grandma said.

Grandfather took over: "It was around that time that I met Chaytan for the first time I think. We talked about the knowledge of the scientist and the knowledge of the craftsman. That was when we were working on our ideas with the Polypolitan Council to create a kind of non-binding framework for educational projects with young children. Chaytan is a formidable craftsman. He made furniture and utensils back then. Today he is more involved with children. Together — that is, Chaytan, Emmy, the parents Zoungrana and Cheboi, and myself — we asked if there was a space available in the humanities department at the Central Library of Bibliopolis to work with local and antropogogues living in other

Convivialis Civitas to further develop those ideas. We then laid the foundation for the ICA, the *Interpolitan Community of Anthropogogues*.

Dad looks up. “That’s the year I met Maria. She joined our group with Moana, Kylie, Binh Pham, Idrissa, and Kaira.”

“Yes, I got to know Maria’s father after meeting her mother, Kate as a result of a conversation with her father, Aldo. At the time I had just read my grandmother’s notes giving me the impression the Fox family had a former connection with my family. He believed his grandfather eventually convinced my great-grandfather to exchange Megalissipo for *Paradise*. We’re trying to find more information about this today in the Paulo Demeester Library. But we doubt we’ll succeed. We only found the hidden part of the library. Everything that still existed in the time of Sergio Mestre and Ferdinand Fox still lived in Megalissipo after the hidden place was made was probably burned down. The only thing we know for sure is that the Fox family also arrived here coming from Megalissipo. But perhaps they didn’t originate from Megalissipo. The Liber family, or Vluchthaas, as Chaytan remembers from his early childhood, comes from MegaBelgium in northwest Erebúm. We found traces we romanticise somewhat in *Paradise of Books*. The saga-project is going well, if I’m not mistaken. I reviewed the overall writing plan not long ago, and I know that some of the pieces have already legibly versions.

Meanwhile, my mother kept thinking about her *Theory of Everything*. We tried to make her see that with the ignarometric-sociological analysis, we had a good framework for analysing models. The meetings with other anthropogogues and interested parties were very productive in that respect. As I mentioned, we laid the foundation for the ICA. In doing so old names popped up. Texts by Ferrer, Vygotsky, Dewey, Chomsky, Freinet, Freire, Oury, Macedo, and a handful of others provided the basis on which we could build a solid constructivist approach for the learning groups.

The principles we continued to work on with the *BringIN* groups had just the goal *not* to get stuck in ways tending toward instructional work rather than dialogical work. Someone who then joined the group, and whose arrival we were very happy about, was Vesela Morshov, Dusan's mother," Lev concludes.

"Why did you requested for a space in the Central Library?" I asked.

Grandma Sara said: "That seemed like something obvious to us, something *simple* Vanderlei would say. The return to Earth after the Volcanic Winter was almost twenty-five years behind us. The number of people who had not personally experienced the Volcanic Winter was growing. And we know from many historical sources, and also from what we have since learned from anthropogogues, that superficiality is a constant human phenomenon. Look at the post-war periods before Rebuilding and how good intentions were retconned by those seeking power and possessions.

We had built a moneyless society among the *Convivialis Civitas.* The Meal and Empathy principles seemed well-established, but we were attentive. There were many groups with whom we had little or no contact. We knew that type 2 societies, economically moderated by Bregman's ideas existed here and there. They used barter, at least within their community. We felt it was important to engage in dialogue with them. Our goal wasn't to convince them to do things our way. We were more concerned with simply explaining how the *Convivialis Civitas* network was put together. We also wanted to guide learning groups with children as openly as possible. After all, we had learned a lot from working with the children and adolescents returning to Earth from *Elysium*. The experiences with adults were also important. Families like Kiril and Vesela, mother Ayala, and Hachim's parents are good examples of this.

With our *Dynamic Collective Social Project,* with the *BringIN* group where the Freire and Illich circles found their home and with the

continued operation of the Polypolitan Council there was a clear and simple agreement to only establish *ad hoc* committees. All *ad hoc* committees are always presented in all *Convivialis Civitas* and are equally open to all members. This was and is the guarantee for achieving pluralistic decision-making every day. We were then already aware that this was a slow process. We looked for the common thread between childcare workers and the way we wanted to continually involve adults in the decisions that interested them. Later we found Paulo Demeester's papers organized by Greta Campos. These included letters between John Demeester and Marta Lacour, and between Paulo Demeester and Claude and Josseline Azuará, which helped us further. In one of these letters, Claude writes: "*My students, as adults, understand their responsibility to guide Josseline's students. The children she works with know it's their responsibility to guide my students in this task, and therefore also to point out their mistakes. This error analysis is part of the agenda for the joint class meetings.* This fit well into an antropogogical institutional model. Child guiders had their training organised councils where they analysed their own work alongside the group or class councils they held with the children themselves. Today, we refer to group councils instead of class councils because we didn't want to retain the term 'class' when referring to learning groups with children or 'classroom' to refer to the place where the learning groups meet.

We thought it would be interesting to develop a proposal for those interested in supporting children and their learning projects. It could be helpful to maintain among us a frame of reference. That in essence is the work of the ICA. We want the art of learning or *mathetics* to remain an enjoyable activity but not a casual one. Learning also involves a certain amount of tension. Learning is often painful, but it shouldn't be painful enough to cause children to drop out. And we want to try to pass that on to future generations. *Convivialis Civitas* are doing well, but we must be certain that if a difficulty arises, we can look at it together. We

always want to avoid falling for easy solutions. The most dangerous one is certainly the affirmation '*I'll solve that for you*'. We must be able to have a calm dialogue about something like that. We don't condemn such solutions, but in *Convivialis Civitas* network there's no place for them. Again, it seems to me that this will be very important in the next two or three generations. The advantages of the moneyless society, with all the help it receives from electronic intelligence, seem obviously clear to those who have organized it this way. We'd rather not prohibit but if we want to avoid hierarchies like those still being installed by Martians, for example, then it's crucial that we continue to shape our learning groups. Let children reason about solutions without presenting them with a fait accompli. That's why we value the idea of those scientists who advocate that working with children means letting them experiment and discuss together."

I noticed that we were gradually moving from my grandfather's generation to that of my parents.
Grandpa Lev asked if that was a hint to stop the conversations and move the recordings to my parents. I blushed a little.
"Not at all, Grandpa. My main goal is to hear from you about the period we call Rebuilding."
My grandfather then said: "The years of Rebuilding are of course not fixed precisely. Some say Rebuilding will last until the general agreement for the *Dynamic Collective Social Project* with its underlying principles as a guideline.
If we apply that criterion, we could say that Rebuilding never ends, precisely because the *Collective Social Project* is *dynamic*. We are collectively happy when requests are received in the Polypolitan Council to enter into dialogue on some aspect of the principles, or when a request arises for a new *ad hoc* committee, and so on.
Some Equivafolks place a more definitive end date on the Rebuilding Period. That date often marks the moment when the

first permanent settlements became possible above and below the tropics. The first one we know about dates back to the year 121.85. That would mean forty years of Rebuilding if you take the return of the refugees from the Three Spots to Earth as the starting date."
"Refugees?" I saw the question on my sister's face.
"Yes, refugees. For many residents of the then three largest refugee centers for *walking books* and *document keepers* usually referred to as the Three Spots at the time, it was actually about fleeing. In particular, the original inhabitants who were still alive in 121.39 and their descendants felt that some of the former Poleis inhabitants were over-frightened by the Volcanic Winter. In retrospect, you can perhaps agree they to a certain extent they had reasons to be frightened. Aside from some flooding in Brilliant Pearl, the Three Spots themselves were largely unaffected by the Volcanic Winter. But as was clearly observed from weather satellites and the moon a large portion of the planet was covered by a thick layer of ice and dust killing lots of people. I'll come back to that.
I wanted to mention first that some anthropogogues sometimes end the rebuilding period with the year of my mother's death. I personally disagree, and I don't think my mother would accept such an honour. She simply said that the period she enjoyed most was the *BringIN* period and developing working models together with her friend Sang and with participants from other *Convivialis Civitas.*
But back to the Volcanic Winter. As I think I mentioned, there were people like the Quispe family who couldn't last five years on the Moon. Tala and Aiyana said they were tired of the lunar sky. If the choice were limited to a dusty grey sky with air and a deep black sky without air, they'd still prefer the dusty grey. They returned to Earth in 121.42 but for logistical reasons, they ended up in Paradise and not in Ultima Rosa. Ahanu succeeded his mother and as a geologist he still monitors volcanic activity between the Tropics of Alkebulan. This activity has been very low in recent decades. His son Aylen began accompanying his father on short excursions. They

conducted ice core drilling to find out how much ice and dust accumulated in certain places and took measurements. Once the North-South SAV line traversed the entire Alkebulan continent, they extended their work several times to the frozen shores of the former Mediterranean Sea on the continent's northern edges. Especially in the west, it appeared that there were some areas of thawing starting in the year 121.73. It began then to be a fairly good hypothesis that numerous Earth mantle cracks that had caused the unusual volcanic activity in some parts of the world were filling with lava. The group of geologists Ahanu cooperates with assumes that the risk of new eruptions today falls within the usual parameters we have known since volcanic activity data began to be recorded. As in many other scientific studies, there were still many gaps in the data as much was lost as a result of the dangerous electromagnetic storms."
"Were they really that dangerous?" I asked.
Liberty looked at me a little surprised. "But sis…" she began.

I observed that I knew very little about the cosmos, magnetism, planets, solar radiation and the whole shebang.

Grandpa said: "The magnetism of the Earth was severely disrupted about fifty years ago. The magnetic south pole, or geomagnetic north pole in human era long located near the geographic north pole shifted rapidly northwest during that period. The biggest problem was that during that shift an accelerated decrease in magnetic intensity was observed. We know Earth's magnetism primarily as a dipole field, and we've known for some time that such a decrease occurs when a reversal of that field is about to occur. What we feared, and what we ultimately saw as the result, was that this strong decrease between the end of the 120th hectoyear and the first thirty years of hectoyear 121 greatly increased the destructive effect of the solar wind on electromagnetic equipment. Moreover and according to former *Elysium* residents certain militias with large military infrastructure and the *Cou-Clib-*

Clans contributed severely with artificial electromagnetic attacks.
We already know the actual reversal is occurring at a faster rhythm than foreseen. Looking at averages it cannot be said to be some catastrophic anomaly. According to the models we have today a reversal occurs approximately every half a million years. On the eve of the Volcanic Winter approximately 780.000 years had passed since the last reversal. So, all we need to do until the reversal is complete is adjust our compasses and observe how the ongoing reversal is causing solar wind peaks and possibly triggering dangerous biological mutations in plants, humans, and other animal species. We have been able to make good use of the legacy of the electronic shields from the Bloomkamp era to protect ourselves when needed. There will certainly be interest in evolutionary biology for lots and lots of generations to come, Liberty, and I know how interested you are in various aspects of the biological sciences.
Catherine, for our saga it is perhaps sufficient to know that the natural electromagnetic storms were considerable reenforced by humans due to increased militia activity just before the Volcanic Winter and therefore caused such damage. Not only unprotected paper was irretrievably lost. I'm not claiming that everything stored in digital form is gone. There's already a lot on the moon and in the Central Libraries. Optimists say that in the coming decades we will excavate more hidden and protected sites, as was the case with the Paulo Demeester Library and some more. Doing so, we will recover parts of human knowledge and artistic creativity.

Grandma Sara interjected again: "What you might also be interested to know is that your father turned 20 by then, and your parents practically lived together. I say practically because, until they found a suitable house of their own, they lived then with us, then with Chaytan and Kate. Your mother was already then primarily interested in philology and linguistic history. Your father was interested in a certain aspects of history at the time. For a

while, he collected everything he could find about the influence of myths and dogmas on people's behaviour before Rebuilding. Shortly afterward, he devoted himself more permanently to the *ICA*, and his grandmother Emmy contributed significantly to that."

My dad then said, "Honey, I don't know if this interests you. At that time, I mainly wanted to understand what that world dogma was that expressed itself through the belief in money. Some Harari experts lived in our neighbourhood and Raja did not leave me alone until I read Bregman with *Utopia for realists.* The original Dutch title was *Free money for everyone*. Why not just *No More Money for Anyone*… According to Vanderlei, that solution was not *simple.* Even the translation of the title makes us think. For me, born and raised in Bibliopolis, it was a very ambivalent compromise. But I tried to learn more about Kiril and Vesela and other descendants of former *Elysian* aforementioned fund managers. Because in a sense, the Fund Managers became the leaders taking their entire way of thinking with them to Mars. Don't forget that, Liberty. It's clear that it was a dogma, an unquestioned belief. In my opinion, nothing has changed. Money existed and exists for them like day and night exists. For them it was something natural, not cultural. This belief was and still is completely tied to that other belief: some possess large amounts of money, while others don't. But who does not would like to possess it as wel, include that second belief. The most dangerous aspect of this second belief is that those who possess large amounts of money assume all others will always use any means to acquire it. It's very difficult for large holders to put themselves in someone else's shoes. If I understood correctly, *bitcoins* are a virtual mining product and were the absolute successor to the physical mining products as gold or diamonds. We could then imagine that was still the case on Mars. That *bitcoin mining* promotes a process of enrichment that many other slightly less wealthy *Bloomkampers* or *Elysians* often called illegal. Illegal

here meant that those *coins* were not obtained by selling or investing in 'legal' products. Of course the greatest possessors defined what was legal and what was not. Ancient texts and documents demonstrate that there was a lot of confusion between saying and doing. I listened to many of Kiril and Vesela's stories. I tracked down a descendant of the Brandad fund managers, and it became increasingly clear to me that faith in money is almost impossible to discuss. Believers either believe in possessions or lose their faith in them. The bias *In the beginning human being created Money* is as absolute for them as are the theological texts *In the beginning God created heaven and earth* for who leads a religious faith. Besides in this context 'human' seems a strange synonym for 'nature' as God is for religious matters! Personally, I prefer the version that starts with *In the beginning was the Word.* But then without the continuation written by apostle John. Anyhow what was written about belief in God is of course mainly metaphorical. From a natural history perspective, there was something in the beginning that the physical *Theory of Everything* might one day be able to explain.
But let me use a different metaphor by saying that for now, the hole still looks very black… despite the TWIST and perhaps someday the WARP propulsions mentioned a few days ago.
Something apart. During that period, Maria and I both visited Kiril and Vesela quite often and neither of us were at all surprised when a nervous Iris announced that she had gotten engaged to Milo Takis."

I observed that my parents and grandparents apparently had a connection with the authors or the parents of the authors of the Saga we were collecting information for.
My father burst out laughing: "Of course, most of them are long-standing friends. Who else would want to work on such a crazy project with your mother? I'll tell you more about this another

time.”
My mother looked at him menacingly: “But only what passes the censorship committee is written down!”
At that we all started laughing. It seemed as if we were suddenly in the Megalissipo of the Oligarchs and the *GNet-Z* and not in *CC Bibliopolis*.
“Just to get on with *digits* and *coins*,” I said. “In your opinion, did the capital-based economy completely disappear from Earth?”

Grandpa remarked he needed to think about how best to talk about the years of the seventies and eighties of last hectoyear. Then he said:
“Actually, we were never entirely sure, at least not until Dusan and Lupe returned from their world trip. Since then, we’ve known a type 2 community on Earth seems to work.”
Liberty and I both looked surprised.
“Yes, I’ll talk about that later. In *CC Bibliopolis* we entered a few quiet years, with many people of your parents’ age getting married or living together. Children were born. A project was discussed in the Polypolitan Council to convert SAV connections, initially between the tropics, to Magneto. On the one hand, this made maintenance much simpler, and on the other, it made the network even more automated. The mobile carriages no longer needed to have an engineer on board. Because money and time to earn money were no longer an issue, the ideal speed remained making the consuming of energy as ecologically as possible. The units still travel at a speed of between 200 and 300 km per hour. On Alkebulan, where considerable segments cross sand and dust winds deserts, part of the structure was incorporated into tubes. Old agreements to not directly link *Convivialis Civitas* to the SAV lines and thus avoid hierarchies remained valid.
When Dusan and Lupe married in 121.76 and shortly thereafter departed on their voyage, the network looked as follows. In

Alkebulan, the North-South Magneto was operational from 30 degrees north to 25 degrees south. At that time, the southern branch of the East-West axis was also completed in Alkebulan, while a conventional high-speed train was still in use on the northern branch from its intersection with the North-South axis. The plan was to extend the North-South axis to the Mediterranean Sea as soon as the climate permitted, which would take another ten years or so. The ocean crossing to Waçúm was, of course, carried out by *Sail-and-solar vessels* for passengers. These were somewhat smaller than the two larger *Sail-and-solar vessels* that were then connecting west Alkebulan with east Anahuac. Four more vessels were in service, making the long crossing to connect the archipelago near the equator at Waçúm with west Anahuac. That was truly a journey for those who wanted to see life on the ocean and enjoyed spending extended periods at sea…

The north-south axis in Abya Yala then extended to an isthmus enclosing an inland sea of Vineland, located at approximately 25 degrees north latitude. Southward, the SAV line extended to approximately 27 degrees south latitude. Here too, the intention was to continue southward as soon as climatic conditions permitted. At the time of Dusan and Lupe's journey, a more easterly line for the North-South axis in Anahuac was under construction. More *Convivialis Civitas* settled southeast of the Amazon region. Maria, perhaps it wouldn't be a bad idea to include a map in the final volume of the Saga detailing the expansion of the Magneto lines and their subsequent voyages across the sea."

"Maybe, I'll think about it and present it to the group. I was also thinking about an informative introduction with some practical information." [See *Little Guide for the Absent-Minded*].

"But to get back to my story," Grandpa continued. "Dusan and Lupe headed west. The last Polis to visit was Arqueopolis, where they stayed for about six months. There as here, the Central Library expanded rapidly. Gradually, more material arrived. From 121.78

onwards, the building here slowly took on the form it still has today. Many praised the providence of the families who expanded *Paradise* and created a vast open space around the Central Library. Over ten years, the building ultimately grew to 2.5 kilometers long. The park also took on its current form at that time.

Grandma continued, “Your parents then moved into the house where they still live. Your father always loved that park and spends a lot of time there. Along the way, names were chosen for the various hubs, and work was done on the augmented reality to present more aspects of human capability that, in a certain sense, is linked to each hub. We didn’t make hasty decisions, and some hubs didn’t get named quickly.

It was also then agreed not to build any more underground lines. Except for the few older platforms near the Central Library and on the first spider connections, we deliberately opted for an automated network of surface trains. After the Volcanic Winter, many engineers advised against working underground. On our return to Earth we heard quite a few horror stories about collapsed tunnels. The geologists preferred to take fewer risks. The east-west and northeast GAV-lines defined almost the entire surface of Bibliopolis. Of course, we can continue to build on the polis via any line, should that be the wish of the Biblio-equivafolks. But the Biblio-folks already explained why we proposed keeping communities under 100,000 equivafolks. That won’t change anytime soon, as the world population hasn’t increased in the last three generations. We hope to be able to keep it at 30,000 Polis with a maximum of 100,000 inhabitants. That’s roughly the same number of Polisses as the number of cities before *Bloomcamp* locked up the world in MegaPoleis. Of course, there is a drastic reduction in equivafolks per polis compared to the number of inhabitants per city, to keep the *Convivialis Civitas* network alive. That’s absolutely necessary, as we quickly learned during that period. You can’t have three billion people talking to each other about everything, but the Sharing

Principle gradually created the necessary trust. Not everyone wants to be involved in everything, but everyone has all the channels available to stay informed about everything. And the basic rule of the Polypolitan Council is that anyone who wants to be involved in a*d hoc* commissions can take action has not changed since the 70s of last hectoyear.

Something sociologists and psychologists showed interest in was the decreasing pressure to artificially extend human life. The Ecological Principle made it more evident for everyone all animal life is finite and that our immortality lies in what we culturally pass on from generation to generation. The extensive biological research conducted before the Rebuilding was always geared towards the wealthy and therefore only benefited those with a lot of money and possessions. Consumerism, solely intended to allow some to make money, did contribute significantly though. There was an entire industry dedicated to artificially keeping one's body young, both externally and internally. But during the volcanic winter, the average life expectancy declined rapidly. Ultimately, this benefited the Non-Ignorants. They were better informed and could more easily maintain their bodies simply by making more rational decisions. They could also protect them better, even if not everyone agreed with everything, as when my grandmother insisted on putting us on the Moon… I admit today that it did perhaps increased my personal chances of survival. Purely biologically, the highest reproductive peak and developmental capacity still occur between the ages of twenty and thirty. The habit of increasingly later childbearing in the last hectoyear before the Volcanic Winter was cultural, not biological. Furthermore, it is still purely biologically true that an individual human body begins to show greater signs of aging after the age of sixty. Illnesses and other external phenomena can still disrupt an individual's plans today. Spontaneously unleashed genetic changes more readily provide non-viable solutions than improved mutations.

In a context of strong hierarchies and displays of power, the urge for eternal life had become a selfish, even narcissist one. First, by promising eternal life after death — think of the ancient myths and what kings and emperors invented around the hectoyears 60 to 70 to secure it, albeit unsuccessfully. All Polisses naturally have a good medical service that ensures that illnesses and accidents can be properly treated. Organ transplants still occurs although the pressure on it decreased. The Ecosystemic and Empathic principles make it easier for people to make decisions regarding their quality of life. Of course all decide for themselves how to organize and eventually end their own lives; there are no taboos. Suicide out of despair has become very rare because that despair was usually the result of financial problems or (minor) power struggles. Currently, the main insoluble despair is still unrequited love. But the aggression that can arise around it has been largely absorbed by the learning groups and the personal development of the by the *BringIN* group suggested principles. Groups can easily support people who show signs of loneliness. There's time for everything when time doesn't have to be bought...
The realisation that people are starting to consider it normal to live to be 90 without any setbacks and then peacefully pass away is reassuring these days. Oddly enough, it also helps to look at life more calmly when someone dies early due to biological reasons. Accidents are of course accidents. Even in a *Convivialis Civitas* someone can fall from a roof or drown. To our knowledge, dying under a (automatic) vehicle has not happened since Rebuilding.

It's again Grandma Sara who says: "Meanwhile, don't forget the little story. Manuel was born at Milo Takis and Iris Morshov's and a year later we were the happy grandparents of you, Catherine! We naturally enjoyed many meals at your house in those first few days after your birth, often in the company of Chaytan and Kate. You were a few weeks old when Aylen Quispe and Mika came for a meal

visit and announced they were moving in together. It was e marvellous time as we were surrounded by lots of babies and young children…"

The nine principles

Grandpa continues: "To those who insist on limiting Rebuilding period in time, you could also suggest that it is the period between when the Polypolitan Council starts and the year 121.80 when the network of *Convivialis Civitas* proposes nine principles as a kind of common denominator for everything the *BringIN* group brought together until then."

I just want to make it clear here the *BringIN* group my grandfather's mother contributed to no longer exists in the same form. It is still active though. Possibly that is one of the consequences of the Empathic Principle itself, or perhaps of the Antropogogical Principle. It boils down to us being aware that *Convivialis Civitas* are living organisms and that occasionally a Polis joins the network. The *BringIN* group is smaller than it was then, but it still has the same highly dynamic character, bringing together what's on the minds of the people and asking the equivafolks if certain principles need to be adjusted. That was very important then and remains so today. And now, I myself do not respect the chronology I asked to consider. So, more on that when we discuss two voyages to Mars in the final saga-book.

"That year," my father added, "we received a lot of information from Ganymede. First and foremost, an explanation of how the Terraformation was going on. Meanwhile the space-engineers living there developed two solar intensifiers based on reflective panels. That way they had succeeded in rising the temperature and increase vegetation and liquid water. Cultivating cyanobacteria also led to growing oxygen levels. That was good news. The inhabitants of Jupiter's moon thought at the time that by the beginning of

hectoyear 123, they might be able to make excursions outside the bases with a minimum of protective suits. I'd like to remind you that the longest-running Terraformation processes are underway on Ganymede, discreetly initiated in the first half of the 120th hectoyear when work was done as part of the then-existing microbiological research.

But we also received data and questions about how the inhabitants of Ganymede had organised themselves. It should be noted that *Elysium* had always shown much more interest in Mars than in Ganymede. The community on the Jupiter moons then consisted of about half ex-habitants of Moon and Earth half ex-*Elysium*-residents and their descendants. We learned that the average age there was lower than here. On the one hand, the population was much smaller, and on the other hand, there were simply more accidents due to the dangers associated with outdoor walks. This was also the case on the Moon and Mars by the way. From the data we received, we could deduce the living domes have organised themselves as a kind of rather independent relatively closed communities within which everyone has a guaranteed minimum property, in the style of the Bregman proposals. There is a centrally controlled, but limited, cooperation between the various living domes mainly about terraforming. Cohesion is ensured through a kind of general council composed of elected members of the various living domes. All in all, it seems that they have established a form of democratically governed group of interacting living domes.

That information prompted us to ask Dusan and Lupe via who were in South Waçúm at the time via video whether they could make physical contact with existing type 2 communities on Earth. We knew meanwhile there were several of these communities in the southernmost inhabited part of the former Middle Kingdom. Until just before the Volcanic Winter production had continued according to *digits* based economic rules in that region. There were groups of survivors who had reached the South most regions in time and on

purpose or not didn't come into contact with *Beautiful Pearl* or other *Convivialis Civitas-Civitates*. In those regions, they spontaneously organised themselves into a kind of variation on Bregman communities. Probably the reason for this was the positive experience with managing microcredit in small groups of interacting individuals. They also sometimes resorted to *poligroups*. Suppose thirty people wanted to own a farm plow. They agreed among themselves to pool one-thirtieth of the price once a month. Each month they then could buy one to raffle off among the depositors. After thirty months, everyone would own such a machine. This was in hectoyear 119 also a popular method among the poorer residents of Erebúm to purchase a personal car for example. The groups then consisted of 24 to 36 participants, depending on the desired model. Everyone in such a group knew that they would have their own vehicle in a space-lap of two to three years. The wealthy were not very happy with this type of organisational structure because traditional bank loans and credits gave them *money* later called *digits* profits they missed that way.
As some communities of Waçúm came into closer contact with *Convivialis Civitas* in the years between 121.54 and 121.80, Bregman practices sometimes fell into disuse and people switched to cooperative management of shared infrastructures as a first step towards abolishing exchange values.
Dusan and Lupe visited a working type 2 community. According to them, their economy was primarily based on small, local reserves of Rare Earths and Gold which had a symbolic exchange value attached to it."

I looked at Grandpa and said, "If I remember correctly, you've discussed the origins of six of the principles so far. The other three were formulated in the year 121.80?"
"Yes. That year my mother and the others who were still toying with the *Theory of Everything* seemed to finally give up that theory

linked to human sciences. In retrospect, I think they simply abandoned the idea that you can calculate everything related to human relationships and culture with an acceptable margin of error using mathematical formulas. Sociological ignarometric analysis had gradually shown us it simply seemed more efficient and prudent to statistically examine occurrences to understand trends. Alberto, perhaps you'd like to tinker that a little more someday. The proponents of the *Theory of Everything* realised it was inherently dangerous for the human sciences to arrive at some kind of institutionalised theory. Such a theory could easily force child education back into a kind of straitjacket. It could lead back to a belief that by teaching everyone the same way one achieve the same kind of equivafolks everywhere. Fortunately that seems to be impossible and anyhow contradictory to the Principle of Heterogeneity and the Principle of Empathy. Such a theory could once again give rise to instructional models from which all deviating children are medically, clinically, or forcibly eliminated. In the meantime, the *BringIN* group saw three more bundles for which they proposed the names Antropogogical Principle, Cooperative Principle and Creativity Principle.

It's actually quite funny that the last principle formulated there was the Anthropogogical one. On the other hand this shows perhaps how cautious the facilitators of learning groups had become. The Antropogogical Principle is only fully grasped by those living in a society without properties. Property inevitably gives rise to hierarchy. And the concept of hierarchy itself is antithetical to the concept of anthropogogy. A teacher who deduces what others say and then assumes a guiding role operates in an antropogogical way. An adult facilitator with a learning project who helps formulate "why" questions acts as a mediator between the subject under study and the person studying it. From an antropogogical perspective, teachers themselves formulate the "why" questions that preoccupy them. They are never dogma-holders; they doubt in the Popperian

sense of the word. The Antropogogical Principle allows us to connect learning and authorship. Antropogogical work is instituting, not instituted. A consequence of dialogical learning is that anthropogogy disappears as soon as people within a work group are no longer willing to reexamine things. The Antropogogical Principle ensures balance in *Convivialis Civitas*. Without this principle, larger Civitas of equivafolks would quickly become cities where certain inhabitants are "served" by inhabitants subordinated to them. The Antropogogical Principle is based on Empathic altruism which maintains self-awareness in balance.

Let me return to authorship for a moment. In a society without property, the motivation for research and making things is the pleasure one finds to do so. During those forty years since the Volcanic Winter gradually all equivafolks indeed became co-authors of something with someone within each *Convivialis Civitas*. Moreover, the number of co-authors from different Civitas increased steadily. Communal bonds at the planetary level were increasing. Naturally, this created a more universal basis for the Cooperative Principle. Without a property-based hierarchy, it was much easier to develop widely divergent, pluralistic projects of co-authors. Cooperative projects almost everywhere often connected with each other on the basis of dialogue. Anyone interested in a particular field of research today can find learning communities for it in the *Convivialis Civitas network*. From the 80s of last hectoyear onward, it became abundantly clear how natural it was to hold physical and digital meetings about every possible cooperative project.

The Antropogogical Principle and the Cooperative principle are closely linked. Cooperativeness is a complex concept. Cooperative members have a collective oeuvre in permanent construction. The overarching, complete collective oeuvre is today the actual *Convivialis Civitas* network of self-aware beings. The progress we saw then was that this collective work is truly by and for all equivafolks, without everyone having to cooperate in everything.

The oeuvre is a complex network, a web of countless activities and projects, designed and developed by their initiators, in cooperation. Every new initiative, or any adjustment to an existing one, is discussed on the basis of trust that arises from the dialogical learning of the Antropogogical Principle and the Sharing Principle. We already then very effectively avoided potential pitfalls such as the false and dangerous advantage of unanimity. Decisions of a majority over a minority which easily lead to dichotomy, no longer occur. Cooperation protect against the emergence of hierarchies based on the display of power and ownership.

Finally *BringIN* also payed much attention to a Creativity Principle. Even Knowers, as Ignorants and *Bloomcampers* called them at the time, could be very arrogant and act superior. These arrogant Knowers often viewed manual labour, art, and crafts as inferior to intellectual research. *Bloomcampers* created economic constraints for such activities. Products were often only given prestige by attaching monetary value. With the Creativity Principle, manual labour, art and crafts are once again activities that combine imagination and skill simply for the sheer pleasure of creating. Within this the equivafolks leading with highly technical work have their interpolitan communities.

My mother made an adjustment to the ignarometric framework and suggested frame 105/121 [see annexes]. She added a number of ideal types that, although clearly recognisable in the last decades before Rebuilding, were not explicitly mentioned by Sérgio Mestre. As far as we know, he did not introduce any new ideal types not even after his arrival in *Paradise of Books*. Because my mother was a bit stubborn, I sometimes think that without saying it out loud she returned from her predictive framework of her *Theory of Everything* fantasy for Human Science to the analytical framework and attempted to expand on it. Analysis reveals trends. I think one cannot make predictions about culture, human behaviour, and societal relationships captured in mathematical equations as one

can do with the trajectory of a meteor. And the latter is already quite difficult and ultimately only possible because a number of gravitational forces are too weak to influence that trajectory and can therefore be neglected in the equations.
Does the way we view nature influence also the way we describe it mathematically? Has the way we searched for regularity influenced our explanation of the phenomenon of mathematics? Is mathematics a language or a natural phenomenon for which we invented a language to describe it? In other words, does mathematics also exist outside of humans and can it be described in a different way, so Gödel doesn't have to be involved?
You know how I love the margins… If existing, Fermat had to have a completely different way of demonstrating his theorem after his provocative commentary on Diofanto. Could he have followed a different line of reasoning than Wiles did? But both lines of reasoning remain human. Are there also non-human mathematical reasonings?"

I saw my sister looking very intently at our grandfather. I understood that his words were inspiring her to do something [see book 13. *The return of printed paper*].
Meanwhile, Grandpa seemed convinced that since the nine principles were formulated, they were 'fixed' in some form despite constant minor changes. I put fixed in quote marks because I do not like that word.
Under the *Convivialis Civitas* there is an agreement to incorporate the nine principles into learning groups for children and adults, but in the sense of discussing them and finding examples together as a group works with them. The principles are not distributed in a written form. There is no little book of principles. They are not chiseled in stone. In other words the agreement is to not create a canon based on the nine principles. They must evolve with the whole *Dynamic Collective Society Project.* We'll simply list them here

(alphabetically), and of course, any reader of this book or visitor to any Civitas Central Library can read about each principle in its first and subsequent versions. The nine principles are the Antropogogical Principle, Circulation Principle, Cooperative Principle, Creativity Principle, Empathic Principle, Ecosystemic Principle, Heterogeneity Principle, Meal Principle and Sharing Principle.

My attention returned to the conversation and I observed, “A remarkable year, 121.80, I understand that now.”

“Yes,” Grandpa agreed immediately, “and there was another important moment that year. The term *Tropic Communities* (TrC) would no longer be used when referring the Earth part of to the Polypolitan Council, as there were already several established communities above and below the tropics. It was also a simplification. The Polypolitan Council was no longer the TrC plus the Moon bases, but simply all communities that wanted to join the Council. In doing so, they accepted the ongoing dialogue surrounding the *Dynamic Collective Society Project*, the ***Dycosoc*** project. The *BringIN* group is one of those groups that brings people together as often as they want to discuss one or more aspects of that project. The Dycosoc and the BringIN group are practical implementations of vision regarding a worldwide network of ***Convivialis Civitas***, given the idea of states or megapoleis was abandoned. According to my mother, *Convivialis Civitas* in itself is an elaborated form of a *Paradise of Books Utopia* she wrote about in her interpretation of the 121st hectoyear.

Your father recently spoke to me about it. He’d like to slightly rephrase my mother’s framework and simplify the analysis somewhat now that we have more information about the state of affairs at those locations in our solar system with human presence. All in all, it involves five different places in space now. Yes, I know, I’m already talking about today again. I won’t say anything more about it. I advised him to develop his ideas and discuss them

through Neo-Ignarysis." [See book 13 - *note by Maria Liber*].

After a pause, my mother said, "For the next two years, we were less occupied with general group matters. We talked a lot about children and babies, including with our friends Zoungrana, Takis, Cheboi, and Quispe, but also with other families with babies already or on the way. You were three when Liberty was born. The year before, Aylen and Mika had their daughter Sayen. A few months after that my brother and Erika saw the birth of the twins Wolfgang and David. There were many moments in house and garden filled with crowing, crying, and playing children in the first half of the 80s of former hectoyear. We talked intensely about the learning groups we wanted to place you in once you started asking why questions. You already were and Halona could also keep Milo or Iris occupied for a long time with an incessant series of why questions. Half 121.83 Dusan and Lupe returned from their world trip. They also started thinking about children… All in all, they had been away from Bibliopolis for almost seven years."
Then Grandpa said, "Why don't we ask them to come over? Dusan is a bit forgetful, but Lupe has the memory of an elephant. They must be about your age, right, Alberto?"

A few days later, we were sitting together in the garden. I explained I was collecting memories from Grandpa, Grandma, and our parents for our saga. I said they had already mentioned Dusan and Lupe had spent some time in a Bregman community in South Waçúm. But I knew they had also made an east-west crossing and visited Culturopolis, Perolapolis, and Arqueopolis. I added we'd love to hear them talk about that period.

I then asked, "By the way, how many Convivialis Civitatis did you visit? Do you remember?"
Lupe said, "Let me tell, Dusan, and add to it if necessary."
"That's a nice way of saying I've forgotten a lot about that world trip," laughed Dusan. "But Lupe's right, let her tell the story."

Lupe started with: “we’re talking about the years 121.76 to 121.83. I would say that the installation of the Polypolitan Council was in full swing and that there were very animated debates in the *BringIN* group, where Dusan’s parents and I were almost always present. I had suggested to Dusan that we view the trip as a kind of *BringIN* journey, as we could pick up stories and ideas in at the various places we should pass. The idea came to me after we found a partial copy with the stories by a hectoyear 120 journalist in the Central Library. He had undertaken a journey on foot from what was then Ethiopia to what was then Tierra del Fuego, retracing the exodus of Homo sapiens from Zone 1 all over the world. His name was Paul Salopek. His stories testified of enormous humanism. Naturally, we didn’t intend to retrace this on foot. We wanted to use the existing Magnetos on the SAV lines, and we were especially excited at the thought of crossing the ocean by *Sail-and-solar vessel* from Culturopolis to Perolapolis. All in all, we didn’t collect any milestones like who inspired us had done a little more than 150 years earlier but we did visit about thirty Convivialis Civitas and one Bregman community during our journey. As a rule, we stayed in each community for at least a month, sometimes a bit longer. The longest stay-overs were in the type 2 community and in Arqueopolis before returning to Bibliopolis. In the last one we were searching for possible locations of libraries in Poleis, both above and below the Tropics, which are still buried under snow, ice, mud and sometimes under solidified lava. We also spent a few months in Culturopolis as Dusan needed to recuperate before the crossing from Culturopolis to Perolapolis. We became good friends with Diego Márquez and Elena Mendonça. We know that shortly after our departure, Elena became pregnant with Pablo, the first of their two children. More about our stay there later.

We decided to travel from east to west because the crossings are slightly faster in that direction. The routes are close to the equator and as you know the vessels only use solar panel-generated power

and sails.
Besides Bibliopolis, there are about ten other Civitas lying on the Magneto connection to the East-West SAV line towards the Atlantic coast. We stayed in the guesthouse of two of these locations. The use of the trains was very *simple,* good for Vanderlei, Lev. When boarding, you simply indicated where you wanted to get off. Bibliopolis was a terminus on that line in those days, so you just had to go there after looking up the timetable at home and reserve a seat. If you wanted to board at one of the intermediate stations before the SAV hub, you simply had to request a seat electronically. If you decided not to travel, those seats became automatically available again. This is still the case for all SAV journeys.
So we stayed twice for a month in one of the guesthouses in two Civitas on our way to the SAV line. That also went very smoothly. Normally, a guesthouse can accommodate about ten couples of travellers or solo travellers, and the house is rarely full. Of course, one can stay with whomever one likes if having friends, acquaintances, or family living in the visited Polis. Just like in Bibliopolis, the equivafolks only expect you to plant in the yard of the house where you're staying approximately the same amount of vegetables as you used. Upon arrival, you're informed about the automatic delivery service of the centrally distributed food you'd like. In that respect, the Convivialis Civitas network worked just as well then as it does now. Since our first stop was only about an hour from Bibliopolis, the equivafolks who lived there often made the trip to the Central Library here. Today, there's a fairly large library there as well. The equivafolks displayed the same heterogeneity as here. Those who regularly attended the local council told us that they no longer needed to schedule essential community services since the year of our visit in 121.75. When we returned and out of curiosity requested information, all services at that specific location were still being provided by those interested. There's a general trend toward self-regulation almost everywhere.

Determining certain community hours is especially necessary in smaller or more recent Civitas. This applies to some bottleneck activities involving some risk. Sometimes the community as a whole has to step in. Here and there, there's a shortage of firefighters and sometimes even of individual counselors."

"What kind of individual counselors?" asked Liberty.

"We heard about it everywhere, and probably it has something to do with human nature. Of course, there's no more stealing, and crimes committed to conceal another crime are practically nonexistent. That leaves the crimes resulting from romantic troubles. They still exist, and in the 70s and 80s of former hectoyear they were somewhat more difficult to tackle than they are today. Today the Empathy principle seems to be culturally better addressed in most places. But in the first Civitas we stayed with, Dusan even volunteered for a few days to guide someone who was struggling with the fact that the woman he had been having living with for a while ultimately chose another partner. Jealousy exists and can still lead to aggression. In some cases, nature prevails over culture. In this case the guidance was necessary to prevent the person being guided from impulsively harming his former girlfriend or her current boyfriend.

A good month later, we traveled on to our second stop. I wanted to meet two electrical engineers with whom I had then recently started a remote project aimed at improving the automatic learning of electronic units we were using at the time for mining ore on meteors. You can find a lot about what we're still referring to as *machine learning* in the engineering section of the Central Library.

We secured a spot on the boat from Alkebulan to Anahuac at a part of the year we could count on a relatively quiet crossing. I don't know how many of you have used these vessels. They were quite comfortable back then, and it seems they've been significantly improved since to make them even more passenger-friendly. During the voyage, all passengers had a cabin, and there was also a central

area where everyone could gather whenever they wanted. Meals back then were very reminiscent of those we have on ships to and from the Moon. The vessels were already fully automated back then, sending a ping to the tracking satellite twice a minute. There was though a small group of sailors on board able to make the most of favourable winds. The ships also ran on solar energy. They weren't very fast back then, and the crossing to Anahuac took about a month. But that month flew by. On that trip, if I'm not confusing it with the other two major crossings, there were forty of us in total, including eight well-trained sailors. Once back on solid ground we took the East-West SAV connecting the east coast with the west coast of Anahuac, over a distance of a little more than 5,200 km. The Magneto was installed on top of a high-speed line that was already about halfway when the project started. The high-speed line in itself had been a former adaptation of a highway. This had happened in the last twenty years before the Volcanic Winter so were we informed in Culturopolis. Between the two sections where the high-speed lines were already running about fifteen years were spent for rebuilding and straightening the remainder of the old highway. Here and there, it had to be entirely reconstructed. Then another five years were needed to connect the two Magneto terminal hubs. We noticed that up to the hub where crossing the North-South Anahuac SAV the East-West SAV was busier than the Alkebulan East-West SAV connection. We learned on the Magneto that most hubs for local connections were located on that North-South axis and were served by regular high-speed trains. At that intersection, the SAV line even doubles towards the south.

We stayed in Culturopolis longer than we initially anticipated. We were advised to wait until the next equinox before considering crossing to Waçúm. That is because before turning towards Perolapolis the vessel first heads further south. The north-south axis of the Waçúm-SAV departs from a hub at 5 degrees south, where the Magneto connects directly to the SAV *vessel* route. Before

reaching that connection at about 105 degrees east one has another travelling overland by Magneto between about 142 degrees east and 137 degrees east on one of the archipelagos of Waçúm.

But first, Culturopolis. That Civitas bore some resemblance to Bibliopolis. It had a fairly simple street plan of perpendicular streets, like many other recently constructed polisses. There was a good equivalent of GAT trains and smaller electric vehicles to take you to the hubs of the automatic trains. We quickly felt at home in Culturopolis, and it was true that in those late 70s the Library there had much more literature and poetry than Bibliopolis.

During one of our first visits to the Central Library, we sought out the people who were involved in bringing together all the information related to Illich and what documents were still available from Cuernavaca of hectoyear 119. In Culturopolis, material was also brought together from Erebúm and more specifically from a private organisation once active in what was then Vienna and called *Centre For International Development* until the disappearance of the States when the people were divided into districts in Megapoleis by *Bloomcamp*. They had of course digital copies and quite a few facsimiles of documents from Bibliopolis. We had agreed to take some original works by Illich published in German with us as well as some books by liberation theologians from the 120th and 121st hectoyears, written by theologians who were not from Anahuac. We had agreed to leave them in the Central Library there. Liberation theology had played an important role for the *GNet-Z* especially in Anahuac before the Rebuilding. Your great-grandmother, Emmy, had recommended to contact the Márquez family.

Diego and Elena immediately made room for us, not only at the library, but also at their home. We stayed with them for over five months. As your parents know, we interacted with the *BringIN* group from their home. We used the conversations to pass on the ideas and practices we had observed in the Civitas where we had

been staying until then with the aim of assisting equivafolks in discussing certain local practices with suggestions for incorporating them into the set of principles, which, as you now know, received a first general description in 121.80."

"When we finally left Culturopolis," Dusan began, "Miguel and Elena asked us to stay in touch. Alberto, their eldest son is involved in that writing project of yours, right?"
Grandpa started laughing. "Catherine, I'm pointing out that it's not me who's got the chronology mixed up this time…"

Lupe looked at Dusan and said, "Let me do the telling, darling. During those months, we worked primarily with a team of anthropogogues from the Central Library of Culturopolis, but we had also a lot of contact with a group developing a project aiming to facilitate communication between human and non-human research.
We often assumed that ultimately all known research on Earth done by electronic intelligence relays on a human basis, because that intelligence was originally developed by humans. Non-human research would therefore be the work done by non-human species. Whether that actually existed in the known Universe remained an open question. We did make extensive use of Habermas Machine models to analyse and interpret data as comprehensively as possible. Habermas machines were of course also originally developed by humans. That approach could have influenced self-learning capacities in times.
However, after the Rebuilding fake news and counter-information, as we used to know it from interest groups, almost completely disappeared. No one was interested in spreading false information because the concept of gaining something from it had become a meaningless concept. The only thing people had to watch out for was gossip when it was about romantic relationships. Even so, a Habermas machine could more easily exclude the emotional

elements when analysing information that could be originated by non-human species, on Earth or elsewhere.

As the equinox approached, we continued westward to cross the Pacific Ocean towards the islands of South Waçúm. The *Sail-and-solar Vessel* we boarded had slightly fewer people than the Atlantic model before. We set out into the ocean with just under thirty people including six experienced sailors. Although this time it was a distance about three times longer, a little over 15,000 km, we expected to be back on solid ground after about two months. That would be possible if we had some luck with the wind and didn't have to seek too often calm closer to the equator for slower but more peaceful progress using only solar energy.

Ultimately, the crossing took 63 days, a good average. Once we knew our arrival time in Waçúm Southeast, we secured a seat on the next connecting SAV train, and a day later, after taking the side link, we arrived in a Waçúm Civitas we wanted to spend some time. We enjoyed sharing experiences with descendants of equivafolks who primarily came from the Middle Kingdom. We learned there about several settlements in South Waçúm, described by pre-Rebuilding analysts as type 2 or Bregman communities. We were eager to visit one and experience its organisation firsthand. We asked how we could best prepare for this. Those responsible for learning groups explained that these kinds of communities usually consisted largely of children of Ignorants who themselves had experienced the economic production system of the Middle Kingdom. This means that their parents or they themselves had sold their labour, often for little money until the moment the *Elysians* brought the whole thing crashing down. Many of their comrades did not survive the Volcanic Winter, and those who did survive often shun the *Convivialis Civitas* because some myth-mongers had blamed the Knowers for the Volcanic Winter.

The community-inhabitants are not particularly aggressive, unless they feel threatened in the places where they settled, usually in

fertile, hilly regions. Some of the Rare Earths and some gold they could mine, became metals of symbolic value. Overall they possessed little. In the *Civitas* where we were staying, we were advised to first travel to the east-west north-south SAV hub on the next major island group (and still the only hub between the *Sail-and-Solar Vessel* and Magneto on the east-west SAV-axis that spans the globe) and from there to Perolapolis. Once there we could connect with existing Bregman communities and ask who had time and space to host us as interested visitors.

Perolapolis is an interesting place for those who prefer to live closer to the water. The connection to the SAV axes is somewhat more difficult and slower than from other Civitas, but the equivafolks seem less inclined to travel once they live there. The average age of the population seemed to be somewhat higher than in Bibliopolis. Locals said it's more common for older people to move to Perolapolis because they felt more sheltered there. We naturally contacted Keanu and Meava Southpath and their daughter Moana, who had a reverse experience. Keanu's parents had moved to Bibliopolis. All three of them talked about possibly making a trip to Bibliopolis one of the coming years. They knew, of course, that Keanu's parents were doing well but would be very happy to meet their granddaughter in person after so many years.

In Perolapolis we looked for families who at that time returned from *Elysium* to Moon and Earth after the Volcanic Winter. Keanu helped us with contacts and to make arrangements with the Bregman community which conceded to host us for a period of time. The local Civitas council agreed to let us take with us a small amount of Rare Earths for the occasion. This way we didn't have to rely on the community's reserves through a guaranteed minimum we could request to fund the exchange of activities, products, and services. We estimated we had sufficient exchange value to last us about six months in the community and to leave some as a gift.

After leaving the stop hub on the Civitas branch of the SAV line, we

were picked up by a small, human-operated solar car. The driver explained us his work was to bring people from one place to another, earning some *coins* for doing so. For the present service the city council had paid him. Upon arrival, we were asked if we had any resources of our own or if we wanted to apply for a guaranteed minimum. We explained that we were visitors and that we were bringing in a small amount of Rare Earths that we wanted to leave to the community in exchange for some of their symbolic value. We weren't sure if we were expressing ourselves correctly. The Central Bank was pointed out to us as the place where we could deposit what we brought with us.

Once there, we explained that we didn't intend to take back what we had brought with us when we left. With the knowledge of the Civitas we came from, what we brought was a means of subsistence — was that the right way to put it? — and we wanted to donate the surplus. The person in charge — he called himself a bank manager — then said that what we brought would serve as security for the *coins* he would provide us with. We could then choose to donate immediately part of those *coins* enabling to establish more micro-credit means. The whole series of calculations he made from there were in our view similar to those used by astrologers in the past when calculating what life a new baby could expect. But the bank manager explained to us with a serious face how much *coins* we would need to spend six months in the community without getting into 'trouble'. By trouble, he probably meant not having enough *coins* available for everything we had to 'pay'. If we really wanted to donate the rest, he said, then the Rare Earths we had brought with us would guarantee sufficient *coins* for at least five microcredits. We didn't quite understand what he meant, but he seemed quite pleased with the result. He gave us a number on a website we could access from every linked computer, and a card. This way, he said, we could pay and track our balance fluctuations, which sounded a bit mysterious to us. He also advised us to visit

exchange markets. That way, we'd spend fewer *coins* whenever we had something to trade.

In the Bregman communities, there are no Civitas guesthouses as we know them. They have various types of accommodations, the 'value' of which is determined by the service provided which can be more human or more mechanical. Therefore, different accommodations have different *coins*-rates. We saw a kind of concentric organisation. Whoever has the most *coins* remained closer to the center, and those who had the littlest lived in the transitional areas between habitation zone and vacant land. Still with the bank manager's help in figuring out how to spend the six months we planned, we decided to move into a small two-room apartment without flat services about halfway between the edge and the center of the residential radius. With the information gathered, we looked for a rental office in the relevant part of the community (that is, a place where you pay with *coins* for to use a house), looking for a suitable place for the price suggested by the bank manager. We immediately discovered that one needs time to negotiate. We had plenty of time, and luckily the bank manager mentioned the concept of negotiation. In practice, this means that you don't simply accept what is said. You make counteroffers. After about half an hour of back and forth, we managed to get a 'contract' for a two-room apartment for considerably 'less' than the 'original' asking price. In exchange for about half of what we had on our balance of *coins* we received a key to that apartment which we were allowed to use for six months. Our initial reaction was that this didn't clarify the actual value of that rental property. Was it what the owners were asking for or was it what we had paid for it? Later, we learned that values always depended on various factors, something normal in a capital-based economy. To us, value seemed very much like a culture of non-binding agreement. After settling in, we went looking for food. On our first day, we discovered that one could buy or barter (if one had something to barter) fruits and

vegetables at open-air markets. This usually costed much less than going to the covered places they call ‘shops’ or ‘commercial centres’. Naturally, we didn’t have any fruit or vegetables to barter, so we had to buy what we needed, paying with *coins*. Generally, we had to hold the card we’d been given against a machine, and the machine’s screen would then display the amount we had to ‘pay’. The amount we paid to whoever offered the vegetables or fruit would then disappear from our balance. They called what we could consult on a computer a ‘bank statement’.

We spent little time in the city center, which consisted mainly of larger houses and lots of ‘shops’. We quickly realised that we couldn’t ‘buy’ anything there, simply because we did not have the *coins* for it. We spoke a lot with those who lived in the outer circles of the community. These were often craftsmen and artisans, who explained to us that they had to work and ‘sell’ what they made or repaired in order to get *coins* so they could then ‘buy’ other things. A craftsman explained that he needed a new sewing machine for his work but that he did not have the *coins* for it. He told us he looked for nine other craftsmen who also needed a new sewing machine. They pooled a tenth of the machine among themselves every month, and then bought one machine to raffle it off to those who didn’t already have one. This guaranteed that within ten months, each of them would have a new machine that they otherwise wouldn’t have been able to afford. Can’t you pick up *coins* from the bank, like we did, I asked. The craftsman laughed. You had exchange value in the form of Rare Earths. My exchange value is the clothes and repairs I make. When I go to the bank ask for *coins*, I have to pay for those *coins*; we call it a credit or making a money loan. But doing so it will cost me much more than if I find nine colleagues to make ten purchases together in ten months. Usually, one needs between another fifth to a third of the loaned amount to pay it off! he said.

So those banks earn *coins* just by lending *coins*? I asked.

Yes, was the answer, that's why the guarantee you provided was so important.

What you ultimately agreed upon is that the bank now holds a portion of your guarantee to provide micro lends or microcredits. That's a consequence of the Bregman proposals about an income for everyone. No payments are made on those small loans. The bank only accepts such a microcredit if it's certain you have very little and still will not disappear with the *coins* without repayment. The guarantee is intended for cases of *force majeure*. For example, if someone with such a microcredit suddenly dies.

How else does your community differ from a type 1 community like in the time of the *Bloomcampers* at the end of last hectoyear and the beginning of this one? I asked further.

The craftsman then explained to me that there were two other important differences: on the one hand, everything could be exchanged for free, that is, you did not have to pay taxes on exchanges. On the other hand, everything that involved *coins* when buying was subject to a tax that increased depending on the amount one paid. These taxes were then distributed according to strict rules among those who received the least *coins* or could not work at all to earn *coins*. So they had some free money for everyone who was in need for it…

Wouldn't it be simpler to do as we do in a Convivialis Civitas, I asked further.

The craftsman shook his head and said: *None of us truly believes one can live without owning things, without property, even if it's just a sewing machine to mend clothes. That's simply our belief. We also believe that by combining work and luck, one can achieve a status where others work and then one can live from what others are working for… or one can living off the proceeds, like owning a portion of a bank, for example* was his answer."

I looked at Lupe in disbelief. "Are there still people on Earth who

think like that? Is possession so important to that belief?"
"Owning in itself is not the most relevant thing," Dusan answered. "The *belief* in possession is as indestructible as it is important in those communities. This was instilled in people from an early age for more than a hundred hectoyears or ten kiloyears by those who gave an absolute value to exchange symbols. The nonsensical belief of the *Bloomcampers* that they owned the entire world together with the Volcanic Winter hasn't shaken that belief even in those who don't own anything. They continue to believe that they will own one day. It's stronger than themselves. Look at Mars today!
On Earth there were Bregman communities that sooner or later made the transition to a property-free organisation like ours, because they saw during the few interactions that we were also happy. And perhaps the fact that all residents of type 2 communities could as they say 'freely' use SAV connections helped to foster informal conversations.
It comes today, at the beginning of the 122-hectare year, that Wanderers who are only now organising as a community have become rare. But we don't know what the future holds. Will more property-believers return to Earth if inhabitants of Mars, Ganymede, or Europa want to return here? We don't know if they will succeed in winning believers among the equivafolks of the *Convivialis Civitas*. Address your father about this. It's something he talks about sometimes…"

Lupe resumed: "We stayed in the Bregman community for the full six months. The hardest thing for me was to see almost no people did question their own believing or the believing induced by richer *coin* owners. No why-questions at all, very few how-questions. They simply considered it normal to sell their labour to those who profit richly from it without offering anything in return other than that belief in *coins*. Yet, even here, we continued to adhere to the principles of Empathy and Heterogeneity. We certainly wanted to

talk about our way of life, but we weren't out to convince others that we knew better how to live. We only asked that others not should force us to convert to that belief in *coins*. And I had learned from Lev's mother it was useless to force others to accept that their belief in money is nothing more than a culturally imposed pattern. We can certainly live side by side on the same planet. In the Polisses where we live, ownership is not an issue. That was difficult, perhaps impossible, before Rebuilding when the arrogant *Bloomcampers* forced everyone to accept money as an absolute and kind of natural certainty. Moreover, they claimed that anyone who did not have money automatically represented a danger to the rest of humanity. Meanwhile their own *Bloomcamp* faith simply made them incapable of seeing that it was their very proper opulent lives that posed a danger to themselves and others. They were at ground zero when it came to empathy."

We had some silence while we were thinking over what Lupe just said.

"And so, after six months you left," Liberty then said.

"Yes, after six months we headed south again. Then we took the SAV *Sail-and-solar Vessel* to cross the ocean and return to Alkebulan. Back on the Alkebulan SAV-Magneto East-West axis, we took the turnoff to Arqueopolis at the first hub. At the time that *Convivialis Civitas* seemed almost a kind of carbon copy of Bibliopolis. Incidentally, I heard that many equivafolks in Arqueopolis had previously stayed or lived in Bibliopolis. When, at the beginning of the Volcanic Winter, the pressure on *Paradise* became almost unbearable, despite the migration to the Moon, a significant group of equivafolks began constructing Arqueopolis. Among them, of course, were many archaeologists eager to remap the world in light of what seemed like a new ice age. When we visited, they were primarily interested in finding Poleis of general interest buried by ash and ice, for the purpose of searching for libraries containing

stored knowledge and science in good condition. We witnessed the moment when the two Central Libraries of Bibliopolis and Arqueopolis established continuous connections between certain sectors of both institutions to ensure a better flow of information. As you know, many other *Convivialis Civitas* have permanent connections with each other's libraries."

"And then you came back to Bibliopolis. Were you happy with the findings of that trip? Or were you planning to leave again?" Grandpa asked.
Dusan and Lupe looked at each other and then both smiled.
"No," said Lupe. "We wanted to share all the experience we'd gained with the others and see which Bibliopolis projects or Bibliopolis projects with other Polisses, we could participate in."

Dusan and Lupe haven't traveled again to this day. A year and a half later they started developing a personal project and had twins Nadia and Nídia. A few months earlier, Ondjoy and Erika had twins Wolfgang and David as Grandma already said. But perhaps they passed on the travel bug anyhow to their own twins, who then 'infected' the other two. More on this in the thirteenth book of the saga.
For now, it is important to know how a long conversation between Ahanu Quispe, Diego Marquez, Dusan and Lupe Morshov after their return home regarding the *BringIN* distilled Principles ended with a remark from Dusan and Lupe that the entire Marquez family would always be very welcome at their home in Bibliopolis.

That same evening I asked: "Are we really sufficiently certain we can protect our way of life from the money-believers? I understand, both from your story and from the ignarometry, that money, possessions, power, and arrogance are very closely related and are typically human cultural products."
Grandpa then said almost immediately: "We already said how the number of people on the planet today is a factor of stability. We

also spoke about the biological finiteness of life.
According to my mother much more important than the decrease of the morbid desire for power and wealth, was the sharply diminished and often disappeared desire for eternal life. We think the individuals of the human species today deal with the collective life cycle in a healthier way and integrate their personal lifeline and death into it. There is a collective acceptance that biological life expectancy is finite. She brought this up when she was talking about the *tilting century* with the near-fatal end of human societies in the first half of hectoyear 121. Only occasional strongly empathic groups with, according to her, the same organisational structure as in Paradise of Books [*see annexes*] and which we have in recent history named *Convivialis Civitas* could prevent the worst. I already mentioned that the world population fell to just over a third with the Volcanic Winter and how most of the hierarchy-minded wealthy people emigrated to outer planets.
Currently, more than half of Earth's land surface is still unsuitable for permanent habitation. The Volcanic Winter seems to be over, but the consequences are visible from the moon base. Geologists are monitoring the Earth's mantle. It is still unknown whether the slowly solidifying cracks will continue to break open or whether they will continue to melt together, and the tectonic plate movement will resume its normal course.
For the time being I think things are well for us."

The ruins of Megalissipo

In 121.90, Grandpa Lev turned 63 and my father 37. Grandpa was primarily occupied with archiving documents from the Rebuilding period. He especially enjoyed reading notes in the margins.
Dad was busy trying to complete Ignarysis series from before the Volcanic Winter. From these, he had already gleaned a great deal of information about his ancestor Catherine Demeester.

"Can you tell us something about the year 121.90?" I asked them both. They looked at each other, and Grandpa said, "Go ahead, you start. I've already spoken so much these last few days."
My father began: "Shortly after the second equinox of 121.89, we were visited by Amadeus. He was an archaeologist with antropogogical concerns. He came to visit us in the Central Library and asked if there were any Auctor family members around. I told him he had already found two: Lev and Alberto, at his service! He looked at us for a moment and then said he might have made a discovery of interest. We listened. Amadeus told us he was part of a team gradually exploring year by year to the northern part of the Mediterranean basin. That kind of exploration was possible between the first equinox and the northern summer solstice. The previous year, they were in the southern part of Erebúm. On old maps, that part was designated as the Iberian Peninsula. The intention was to search for districts from what was then known as Megandalusalgarb and Megalissipo. There were plans to return next year. Center-south Erebúm and places like Megabarça were still too far north for the time being. But they had been able to make depth scans of Megalissipo last year. The terrain beneath the flattening ash and ice crust was quite hilly, and there were several places where only a ten to fifteen meters of excavation were required to reach the former surface. Scans were done in several places and after they

returned to Bibliopolis shortly after last the solstice their team had been trying to compare the surface scans with available photographs. They had gained the firm impression they had been close to the Paulo Demeester Library, within a complex of buildings whose basements appeared to be in fairly good condition. You can imagine! The more Amadeus spoke, the more enthusiastic we became. We looked at photos and scans and asked him if we could discuss it further the next day, involving Aylen and Mika Quispe. The Quispes expressed interest for geological reasons.

Amadeus said his team was primarily interested in continuing to scan next year. He personally would like to penetrate a repository of old documents to see if and how the protection used at the time was been effective against the electromagnetic attacks. In the meantime as a young father he was also interested in anthropogogy. He had read that the Paulo Demeester Library would have a protected underground section shielded against the *Cou-Clib-Clan* attacks at the time.

In short, he was interested in breaking open this Library as a test to discover whether it would be useful to break open similar spaces in Megalissipo.

My father and I were of course delighted Amadeus knew we were in Bibliopolis the closest descendants of the Demeester sisters as far as we knew. We immediately said we were interested to go to Megalissipo with him.

Amadeus looked a bit worried then and asked if we had any experience with climbing or caving. Your grandfather said the last speleology expedition he participated had been on the moon when he was about sixteen or seventeen. I said I'd never climbed or caved.

If we really wanted to accompany them to Megalissipo on the next equinox Amadeus suggested some practising. He considered to be a good idea to organize rope climbing and descending exercises in the majestic fifteen-meter-high trees between Bibliopolis and the

Bukoba community. So, in the following weeks, your grandfather and I learned how to hoist ourselves up a rope and then lower ourselves back down. Descending is of course less taxing on the arm muscles than ascending. Even so after just a few days we doubted whether we could handle it. Amadeus and the Quispes emphasised that we needed to continue training so that our arm and leg muscles would get used to the exertion. Moreover, we had to imagine climbing up there in the cold (even close to the summer solstice, the temperature in the Megalissipo area barely rose above freezing). The relative cold should make the effort somewhat less difficult, but we still had to be well prepared. And Aylen mentioned also it was easier to pull oneself up in an ice tube with crampons on, using the walls for support. Where possible, a winch could even be used to assist one with the climb.

We alternated the climbing and "sports" days in nature with consulting documents and plans. It seemed we roughly knew where we would need to dig to reach the Paulo Demeester Library. But there were imponderables about the terrain. The whole undertaking could be successful… or not. We confirmed once again the most significant of a series of smaller earthquakes that struck Megalissipo had been only after the first ash to fall. That was 51 years ago so if the hidden cellar actually existed, the ash could have served as a kind of shock absorber.

The only thing we knew for certain was that Greta Campos and her granddaughter Fernanda Mestre arrived in *Paradise* and once spoke about that cellar. As you know that granddaughter Fernanda was your grandfather's grandmother. She had only vague memories of it and was not even certain it was about their library. But there was also one document among the Ignarysis papers that referred to that cellar. The library's hiding supposedly happened 100 years ago."

Grandpa continued, now that Dad was silent for a moment. "But you can understand us, can't you? We were as excited as little children. Two days before the equinox, we were on the ferry

connecting to Alkebulan Magneto (SAV North-South). Arriving at the extreme north of Alkebulan, where the still-frozen marshland of the former Mediterranean Sea began, we switched to a kind EVTs mounted on glider skis. There was room for four people in each vehicle. Mika explained to us they still did not know how solid the entire subsoil between Alkebulan and Erebúm actually would become. Over about fifty years this could be an inland sea or a shallow marsh on a basalt surface. So it was still too early to decide how to extend the SAV North-South line. Moreover they were considering extending that line further east towards the former Megasul area to avoid the mountains that separate Central Erebúm from the southern peninsulas both to the east and west.

The ski glider trip to Megalissipo took almost three days. Although each vehicle carried four people, the journey was more monotonous than with the Magneto. We primarily used GPS data. During the trip, we consulted our own maps and compared them with historical documents. Amadeus and I oversaw the steps to take for the boreholes. Imagine a borehole like a negative of a tree. Instead of climbing up the trunk, you lower yourself down through a hole, about ten to twelve meters deep. Once down, you have to ensure there's sufficient oxygen supply, after which you have to figure out how to break open the ground. And 'breaking' is the key word here. Explosives might have to be involved, which could jeopardise the entire long, deep borehole. We're talking about more than ten meters of ice and ash and that is not the same as imploding a concrete structure."

Dad continued: "Megalissipo was a huge ruin. Most of it remains that way today. On some places, skeletons of buildings originally more than ten meters high — let's say more than five floors, if we want to simplify the picture a bit — and hadn't collapsed during the Volcanic Winter, stood out like silent witnesses above the ice. In some places, the frozen mass piled up higher, but there were also 'holes'. So it's not exactly a plain for a peaceful glider ride…

Based on Mika and Amadeus's instructions, we opted to drill four manholes. A week and a half later, we thought we could descend through four sufficiently secure supported tunnels to the bottom of what could be the Paulo Demeester Library.

The first surprise was that we found remnants of walls and perhaps even part of a staircase near the bottom of two of the shafts. What was even more surprising was that a sort of worktable, which looked well-preserved, was wedged between two walls. Lying next to the two walls and under the table, we found some writing. We assumed it was Iberian [see book 10 *Arrogance and Ignorance*] We photographed the texts, and that afternoon we had a video conference with the group of linguists Maria regularly met with. We asked them to look at the texts and translate their essence.

Two days later, a message from Bibliopolis made us happy. These texts indeed convinced us we were dealing with the Paulo Demeester Library.

Meanwhile, geologists were working to connect three manholes at the bottom and carve a small artificial cavern out of the ice. This cavern was shored up during construction, and cold air was continuously blown into it to keep the 'ceiling' frozen solid. The area around the four manholes above was cordoned off to prevent weight from being applied there, and the holes themselves were covered to keep them dry during the many rainy days.

The artificial cave was illuminated by LED lights. Then two accompanying cave explorers began scanning for cavities beneath what appeared to be a concrete floor. We knew from other excavations led by small working groups from Arqueopolis that *GNet-Z* at that time used certain techniques to prevent *Cou-Clib-Clans* to discover underground stored material. Your grandfather had two notebooks with him he had found among his grandmother Fernanda's papers. She must have been about twenty when the family decided to build the storage bunker. But during that period she apparently spent most of her time in a university unit financed

by *Bloomkamp* they called Bradin somewhere in central-northern Erebúm. So the notebooks didn't help much in determining the nature and location of the storage bunker. After about a month of searching and groping, we thought we had found the best place to access the hidden cellars. We just had about four weeks before returning to Bibliopolis. We had to reach the terminal of the Magneto before the summer thunderstorms. That definitely increased the tension a bit."

Grandfather looked at Father and said, "That definitely increased the tension a lot of a bit. I absolutely wanted certainty that same year. As I said I was 63 at the time. Now at eighty I still feel healthy and well, but I couldn't know then whether I would be able to make the journey to Megalissipo again the following year. The geologists advised us against using explosives to open the cellar. The risk of collapse was considerable. However delicately they worked, one never knew exactly what the explosion could cause to the cellar itself. Imagine a down-going significant air movement inside the cellar. We didn't know what condition any paper documents stored there would be in. Ultimately, it was decided to drill a manhole at the location where a scan indicated a visible cavity, probably stairs, just below the cellar ceiling. Amadeus suggested using a cooled diamond saw. All the supplies were delivered to us about a week later by glider ski, and we got to work immediately. The sawing itself went quickly as was the removal of the debris by one of the boreholes where we had meanwhile installed a hoisting system of baskets.

And yes, ten days before we had to leave, we were in the basement! The first thing we found were boxes containing not only one hundred year-old devices for digitally storing material, but also all sorts of readers for viewing that stored material and devices and cables from VGA till different USB formats for connecting to computers.

And those first boxes, dear granddaughters, stirred up quite a few

emotions. I looked straight at the complete collection of *Ignarysis* on paper but also digitised and stored on four different holders, from the first issue in 120.25 to the last buried issue in 120.90. Can you imagine? Suddenly, 65 of the 75 years of *Ignarysis* journals were complete, and your father could fill in many remaining gaps at the Central Library of Bibliopolis.

We spent the last few days neatly closing everything up and decided to take only the electronic media, readers, and players to Bibliopolis, hoping they would be in good condition. We did make a sort of photo inventory of what we found in the first of the four basement rooms. And then we really had to go back."

Dad continued: "I remember little of that first return trip except excitement. In the glider your grandfather and I tried to make a list of what we wanted to go through first, using information translated by Maria… first of all the unknown *Ignarysis* numbers from before 120.90 which we hadn't seen since the volcanic winter! During the Magneto trip, we went through the technical information on the readers and players. Some of them seemed to be simply copies of modern disk and memory card readers. And when we got back to Bibliopolis, I barely saw your grandfather for a week. He spent most of his time with two computer archaeologists who not only got most of the devices working but also showed him how to display the documents he'd brought back on them.

Of course, we returned to Megalissipo the following year, and this time both your grandparents came along. That summer we spent more time underground than above. We managed to explore one and a half cellars and pack most of the findings for transport to Bibliopolis.

We then discussed the possibility of having a larger workspace to store and examine documents from the early years of ignarometry and institutional anthropogogy. As you know, this became the basis for what will officially be called the JCD space next year, as the saga project takes its final form. But back to 121.91. Shortly after

the Northern Summer Solstice, we brought back numerous crates of diaries, typed documents, and written documents using glider skis and Magneto. Books and electronic materials would continue to arrive in the following months and years. I considered returning to Megalissipo one or two more times to be present during the excavation work."

Grandpa resumes: "Those first years, we mainly went through the more personal notes. Gradually, the whole family spoke and read a fair amount of Iberian. It was during that period that we found in a textbook by Francisco N'Kondo observations about the musical talent of his granddaughter Alberta. Alberta must have been perhaps a little older than my grandmother when Greta Campos and Francisco's brother Alexandre apparently decided to protect their library. My grandmother's father Sérgio apparently often downplayed the aggression of certain groups of Ignorants and the local oligarchs, and that seemingly also happened when his wife and my grandmother decided to travel here. This is corroborated by other sources.

It's easy to understand that those cellar finds in Megalissipo told the family story until a hundred years ago.

What we know about the period between 2090 or 120.90 and 121.90 is based primarily on stories and collateral information gleaned from written documents here and there. The name Alberta also appears in *Paradise* several times in a note. We think it's the same person, but we're not certain."

Convivialis Civitas Consolidatus?

My sister Liberty insisted on writing this short epilogue as a kind of remembrance to Grandpa Lev's mother.
She died on the 10th Dekmomehns of 121.92 shortly before she would have turned 92 years old.

A year before she died, Emmy Lehrman wrote a short note for the *BringIN* group in which she talks about the *tilting century* or the *tilt hectoyear* 121. In that note, she attempted to clarify what she meant. On the eve of the Volcanic Winter, humanity had reached a crossroads regarding societal models. Alberto Auctor often reflects on this crossroads and attempts to map it today. We will return to this in book thirteen of the saga. It naturally primarily concerns the three types of communities. She created a new framework 105/121. By adding certain ideal types to it, she also expressed her concern about new hierarchies that could emerge in the future.

Emmy was not entirely happy when she had to hear from the *simple problem solvers* that more than three quarters of the *Elysians* and almost all of the Fund Managers' descendants preferred to go to Mars rather than return to Earth when *Elysium* reached the end of its lifespan. Even so, after the Volcanic Winter, Earth showed signs of improvement.
Fifteen years after her death, we can form an image of Emmy's foresight. More than forty years ago, she warned that the voluntary departure of *Elysians* was not an entirely positive solution. She foresaw it would involve a break with the earthly communities that were meanwhile organising themselves in the *Convivialis Civitas* network. She always saw the breakup as a potential difficulty perhaps even a threat. After all hadn't the *Elysians* descendants often been told they would return to a kind of Earthly Paradise, almost devoid of population? It turned out that tens of thousands of

settlements still existed. And moreover, almost everywhere the inhabitants had renounced their faith in property or money! What if…

We recognise Emmy's way of thinking in the way she approaches the *BringIN* group stated desire for sustainability of a cosmopolitan ethic. That ethic is sought to be described primarily in the Meal and Empathy Principles that characterise our communities today.

It's no longer about guidelines for compassion, as in the old religions, but about new ethical rules and codes of conduct. In these, the display of wealth was considered a gross form of thoughtlessness. After all, excesses of power were often directly linked to this sometimes compulsive attitude.

From the start of Rebuilding and throughout the thirty years that followed, Emmy not only facilitated think tanks, learning communities, and local production groups, but often actively participated in them. She contributed to the development of more artisanal production units, even for highly complex objects. These were services or products that required extensive specialised studies to realise. She contributed significantly to the understanding that industrialisation is more about capital accumulation than about an efficient way to produce certain tools which requires complex machinery. Without money and power, competition becomes something superfluous. Competition is about paying to own, not about simplifying the creation and use of objects collectively created by biologic and electronic intelligence.

It is partly thanks to this collective and cultural effort of thought that today any project can be proposed as soon as a group of people exists who are interested and who demonstrate or find the technical capacity to realise the project.

The general code of ethics requires a preliminary impact assessment for each project. This assessment aims to determine whether the project could harm uninterested equivafolks.

Today on Earth we fully understand the advantages of the way an ethics committee is formed. The Polypolitan Council laid the foundation for the *ad hoc* nature of each committee. Each committee is always open to anyone who wishes to participate. Consolidating this way of thinking, as Grandpa Lev told us in this book, was the result of introducing a cultural approach with children in the elementary learning groups, where experience, research, and knowledge converge.

It was also that experience that made us all realise that for both children and adults, reading and writing are equally important in connecting who is with who was.
We'll talk about that later in *The return of printed paper*.

End of book 12

a strange letter

Dear Pascal

We use small hiccups in the space-time continuum to bring you a saga of educators, pedagogues and anthropologists. The saga was first published in 122.15 (Holocene calendar), which corresponds to the year 2215 according to the calendar you use in the XXI century.
The dynasty spans 20 generations, from 1630 to 2222 in your era .
When we studied your century in preparing the work, we found your name and your interest in dialogic learning. That is why we kindly ask you to further distribute the documents that we send whenever we get the chance.

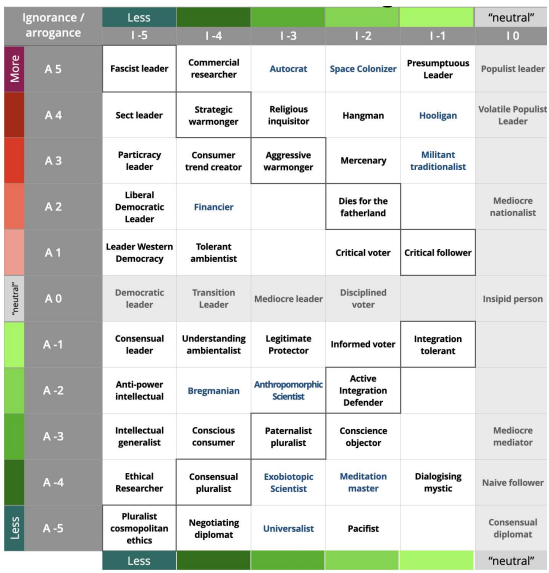
You can rest assured. The hiccup in the continuum will have no impact whatsoever on the past and future of living people. Only documents can be sent through it.

On behalf of the team of writers,

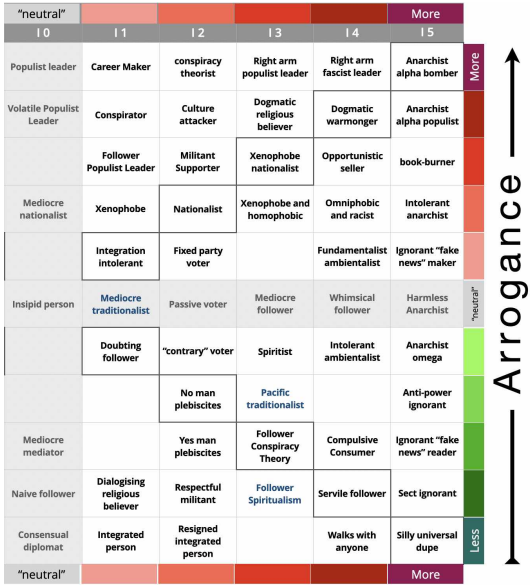
Maria Liber

Annexes

Framework 105/121 OBJ

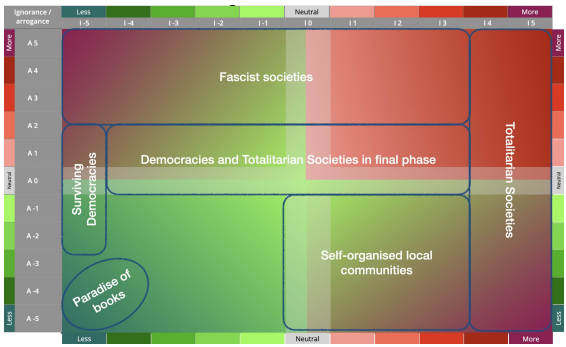


Ignorance / arrogance		Less					"neutral"
		I -5	I -4	I -3	I -2	I -1	I 0
More	A 5	Fascist leader	Commercial researcher	Autocrat	Space Colonizer	Presumptuous Leader	Populist leader
	A 4	Sect leader	Strategic warmonger	Religious inquisitor	Hangman	Hooligan	Volatile Populist Leader
	A 3	Particracy leader	Consumer trend creator	Aggressive warmonger	Mercenary	Militant traditionalist	
	A 2	Liberal Democratic Leader	Financier		Dies for the fatherland		Mediocre nationalist
	A 1	Leader Western Democracy	Tolerant ambientist		Critical voter	Critical follower	
"neutral"	A 0	Democratic leader	Transition Leader	Mediocre leader	Disciplined voter		Insipid person
	A -1	Consensual leader	Understanding ambientalist	Legitimate Protector	Informed voter	Integration tolerant	
	A -2	Anti-power intellectual	Bregmanian	Anthropomorphic Scientist	Active Integration Defender		
	A -3	Intellectual generalist	Conscious consumer	Paternalist pluralist	Conscience objector		Mediocre mediator
	A -4	Ethical Researcher	Consensual pluralist	Exobiotopic Scientist	Meditation master	Dialogising mystic	Naive follower
Less	A -5	Pluralist cosmopolitan ethics	Negotiating diplomat	Universalist	Pacifist		Consensual diplomat
		Less					"neutral"


"neutral"
More
I 0
I 1
I 2
I 3
I 4
I 5
Populist leader
Career Maker
conspiracy theorist
Right arm populist leader
Right arm fascist leader
Anarchist alpha bomber
Volatile Populist Leader
Conspirator
Culture attacker
Dogmatic religious believer
Dogmatic warmonger
Anarchist alpha populist
Follower Populist Leader
Militant Supporter
Xenophobe nationalist
Opportunistic seller
book-burner
Mediocre nationalist
Xenophobe
Nationalist
Xenophobe and homophobic
Omniphobic and racist
Intolerant anarchist
Integration intolerant
Fixed party voter
Fundamentalist ambientalist
Ignorant "fake news" maker
Insipid person
Mediocre traditionalist
Passive voter
Mediocre follower
Whimsical follower
Harmless Anarchist
Doubting follower
"contrary" voter
Spiritist
Intolerant ambientalist
Anarchist omega
No man plebiscites
Pacific traditionalist
Anti-power ignorant
Mediocre mediator
Yes man plebiscites
Follower Conspiracy Theory
Compulsive Consumer
Ignorant "fake news" reader
Naive follower
Dialogising religious believer
Respectful militant
Follower Spiritualism
Servile follower
Sect ignorant
Consensual diplomat
Integrated person
Resigned integrated person
Walks with anyone
Silly universal dupe
"neutral"
More
More
"neutral"
Less
Arrogance

Interpretation hectoyear 121 by Emmy Lehrman

OBJ



Evolution of ignarometric framework in **Ignarysis**